The Nation

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Summary of the News

The exchange of notes between Washington and Vienna has been rapid. The Austrian reply, dated December 15, to the demands made by the United States in regard to the Ancona, was published in Sunday's papers. The general tone of the reply was considered wholly unsatisfactory, and intended only to prolong the controversy, in the same manner in which the dispute with Germany over the Lusitania has been dragged out through seven months. The reply of the United States to the Austrian note was dispatched on Sunday, and the full text of it was made public yesterday.

In a brief document of barely six hundred words, Secretary Lansing reiterates, without qualification, the "definite but respectful demands made by the United States in its communication of December 6." The request of the Austrian Government for further enlightenment concerning the sources of information on which the demands of the United States are based is courteously but quite definitely brushed aside by the reminder that the report of the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty, transmitted to the State Department by Baron Zwiedinek on November 15, contained an admission that "the vessel was torpedoed after her engines had been stopped and when passengers were still on board." This, it is held, is "sufficient to fix upon the commander of the submarine which fired the torpedo the responsibility for having wilfully violated the recognized law of nations, and entirely disregarded those humane principles which every belligerent should observe in the conduct of war at sea." These humane principles and the rules of international law the Government of the United States "does not feel called upon to debate." No time limit is set for the reply of the Austrian Government, nor is any statement made of the consequences that may follow a refusal to satisfy the demands of the United States. In Washington, however, the general opinion prevails that a long delay will not be tolerated, and that undue procrastination or a refusal to accept the views set forth in the note must result in a severance of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

Shadows of coming events have fallen freely over the political arena during the past few days. The Republican Committee last week, anticipating by one week the Democratic Convention to be held at St. Louis, fixed on Chicago as the meeting place, and June 7 as the date, for the Republican Convention. There remained to be heard from Col. Roosevelt and the Progressives. On Saturday news came out of the Colonel's presence on the preceding evening at a dinner given by ex-Judge Elbert H. Gary, at which a number of financial magnates were present. Speculation connects the dinner with a renewed attempt to adjust Progressive and Republican differences. An apparently authorized statement on Monday declared that any of three possible Presidential candidates—Justice Hughes, ex-Gov. Hadley, or ex-Secretary of State Knox—would have Col. Roosevelt's endorsement; only the "Old Guard" must be kept from control of the Convention. The Colonel himself, it was stated, would only become a candidate "by the action of a convention so spontaneous that no man could refuse."

Secretary Lansing announced on Monday that a protest had been sent to England concerning that country's interference with shipments by parcel post between the United States and Sweden.

In the brief session of Congress previous to adjournment over the holidays plenty of indications have developed that there exist wide differences of opinion over the question of preparedness, and that the Administration's programme is destined to have by no means easy sailing. The War Revenue bill was extended for one year, only after a hot debate in the House on December 16, by a vote of 205 to 289. The bill was passed by the Senate, and signed on the following day.

Sensible progress has been made towards a restoration of normal conditions in Mexico by the settlement of terms of peace between the Provisional Government of Carranza and representatives of Villa's faction. The terms, details of which were published in Washington on Monday, include: a general amnesty to the partisans of Villa; safe conduct for Villa himself to the United States, where he will enjoy the status of a political refugee; the cession to the Government of Carranza of territory at present controlled by Villa; the incorporation of Villa's troops in the Constitutionalist army, and their employment against the Zapatistas. The intentions of Villa himself remain obscure as we write. Reports on Tuesday spoke of his having disappeared with a handful of followers.

Revelations of Teutonic plots continue merrily. The most important event of the past week in this connection was the arrest on Friday of Paul Koenig, who is connected with the Hamburg-American Line, on a charge of having set on foot a plot to wreck the Welland Canal, the artery for Canada's transatlantic trade from the Great Lakes. Persons alleged to be Koenig's associates in the enterprise have also been arrested. Other incidents were the arrest last week of a man called Swoboda, on suspicion of being concerned in recent explosions in the works of the du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, and the presumed scuttling of a barge in the Hudson by which more than five hundred horses intended for the Allies were drowned. Dispatches by wireless to Sayville of December 18 contained an authorized disavowal by the German Government of any connection with conspiracies organized by Germans or German-Americans in the United States.

Two important items of military news, neither of them altogether unexpected, have been received. Dispatches from London of December 15 announced the retirement of Sir John French from the command of the British forces in the west, and the appointment as his successor of Gen. Sir Douglas Haig. Sir John French is created a viscount, and becomes commander-in-chief of the armies in the United Kingdom. On Monday came the official announcement that British forces had evacuated the regions of Suvla Bay and Anzac, in Gallipoli, and been transferred to "another sphere of operation." The positions at Sedd-el-Bahr, on the tip of the peninsula, are to be retained. The transference of the troops, it is stated, was accomplished successfully and with insignificant casualties. The destination of the troops is not announced, but it is thought probable that they have been transferred either to Egypt or to Salonica. There have been rumors, which are probably not to be taken very seriously, during the past week of a contemplated Teutonic and Turkish attack on a grand scale on the Suez Canal. Another change in the British high command is the appointment of Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien to the command of the British forces in German East Africa.

There has been little change in the situation in Macedonia. The Allied forces, having made good their retreat to Salonica, are busy strengthening their positions. So far neither Bulgarian nor German troops have carried the pursuit across the Greek frontier. News dispatches state that an agreement has been come to with the Greek Government that in no case shall the Bulgarians cross the frontier. It does not appear to be established definitely what will be the attitude of the Greek Government if a campaign in Macedonia shall be undertaken by the Teutonic forces alone; but if the news, received on Tuesday, be true, that Greek forces have occupied Doiran, it would seem that the intention is to resist a German invasion. In any case, however, it is improbable that the Teutonic forces are in sufficient strength to undertake such an enterprise unaided. An Italian relief force has been landed in Albania for the assistance of the Servians and Montenegrins. The result of the Greek elections, held on Sunday, which means nothing since the adherents of M. Venizelos abstained from voting, is the return by a large majority of the government of M. Gounaris.

In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Lloyd George made an important speech on the question of munitions, outlining with considerable frankness the rather sorry story of the past, and appealing for the assistance of the labor unions for the future.

Debates in the Reichstag have been concerned largely with questions relating to the food supply and prices. A new credit for $2,500,000,000 was introduced last week. Speaking on Monday, Dr. Karl Helfferich, Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, forecast a considerable increase in taxation. Reviewing Dr. Helfferich's speech in support of the proposed credit, the Socialist *Vorwärts* demands that the German Government and the Reichstag indicate in what way the money necessary for the payment of interest on the nation's war debts and for their redemption is to be provided.

M. Cammille de Coppet was, on December 16, elected President of the Swiss republic.

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The Week

The report of the Commissioner of Navigation on the activity of American shipyards cannot be characterized as a piece of all-round teamwork with the backers of the new Government shipping measure. It gives the unfortunate impression that the yards are crammed to capacity with business. As the essential feature of the new bill is that it would make the Government a sort of ship-broker, buying or building a specified total of shipping and leasing the vessels in large part to private parties, the report casts doubt on the wisdom of the Government's entrance at just this juncture. All available yards, all that can be refurbished, are choked with contracts. How can the Government procure the building of ships without forcing out of these shipyards vessels that would go direct to private operators? If the Government proposes to fit up merchant yards of its own, that is an expensive enterprise, and requires time; and the shipping bill is admittedly an emergency measure. Above all, it must be remembered that if the Government is to give any striking amount of help to American shipping, it must build or have built on a large scale. The Commissioner reports 98 merchant vessels of over 3,000 tons, 70 of more than 5,000, now under construction or contracted for. Not by obtaining and leasing a mere handful of ships could the Government pretend that it had rescued our commerce.

There was no closure in the Senate last Friday, but Senator Penrose was closed up by Mr. Underwood. The Alabama Senator, on the question of revenue from the tariff law and the general relation of prosperity to high protection, carried altogether too many guns for the Pennsylvanian. The latter, in the running debate between the two, was driven into several different corners and walked into a number of traps. All that he could do at the end was to declare that, anyhow, if the country must be admitted to be flourishing under a Democratic Administration, the prosperity is "meretricious." This is pretty nearly to plagiarize from Horace Greeley, who wrote of the low tariff of 1833 that the country was launched by it "on the flood of a factitious but seductive semblance of prosperity." On the main question before the Senate—the extension of the war-taxes for another year—there was really but one thing to do. "Excoriate" the Administration as the Republicans might, and make party speeches as they pleased, the money to carry on the Government must be voted. The Republican opposition was purely formal and partisan. If any wonder that the whole subject should have been disposed of in one day, they should observe that it was the day before the holiday adjournment. If Christmas came once a week, there would never be any need of closure in the Senate.

The recommendations which Governor-General Harrison has made for changes in the Jones-Hitchcock bill, as reported to the Senate Philippines Committee, breathe a spirit of caution. He would have the preamble amended to declare the intention of the United States to grant the islands their independence when, in the American judgment, it would be "to the permanent interest of the people of the islands"; not, as now, when the Filipinos "shall have shown themselves to be fitted therefor." It is explained that no Filipino will admit himself unfitted for independence, though many admit that it will not be to their best interests for a long time to come. He would lower the voting age by one or two years, to include a greater number of American-educated young men. For stability he would hold elections triennially instead of biennially; he would increase the present Senate of nine merely to twelve, instead of twenty-four members, as likely to bring out better men; and he would elect the resident commissioners by the Legislature instead of by popular vote. One change to which the Republicans may object is that vesting in the Governor-General the assignment of duties to the Vice-Governor. The bill now specifies that the latter shall be in charge of education, health, and the non-Christian tribes. This would enable the Governor, upon his own discretion, to place these departments in charge of Filipinos whom he thought fitted to administer them. But this involves precisely the main question of policy at issue in the bill; and the Administration is committed to an increase of the participation of Filipinos in the Government.

Why should people puzzle over Mr. Roosevelt's presence at the Gary dinner? The Colonel did not go as a politician, he did not go as a social-justice expert, he did not go as a magazine writer. He went as a faunal naturalist, as a scientist led by that vast curiosity for new lands and new people which has taken him to Africa, to South America, to slums and factories and picture exhibitions. Here was a Gary dinner recalling those famous Gary dinners at which, between the soup and the entrée, extraordinary things used to happen to the iron and steel trade. We wonder if any one has kept a record of the table-talk at the Gary dinners. There must have been a flow of soul and high conversation. People spoke there of the novels of the season, of Futurist art, of Bernard Shaw and Richard Strauss, of the Boy Scouts, and amidst the flash of wit and good-natured raillery, pig iron went up so much, steel billets so much, and tubes so much. It was inevitable that the man who has penetrated so many dark regions of the earth, traversed so many jungles, mapped so many rivers of doubt, should have been impelled to find out the mystery of the famous Gary dinners. Mr. Roosevelt went as a naturalist—studying the habitat and habits of *Octopus Gariensis*.

It would never do for a party which furnished such a sensation as did the Republicans in 1912 to settle down to tame and commonplace procedure in 1916. So the Republican Committee springs a surprise by setting the date for the Republican Convention ahead of that selected by the Democrats. At one stroke it astonishes the nation and stimulates itself. Could its lost leader do more? When the Chicago Convention has finished with the issues and named its candidates for 1916, let the St. Louis Convention do what it can with what it finds left. The Chicago Convention will be based upon the new apportionment plan, with the Southern delegations materially reduced in numbers and importance. This one thing the Chicago of 1912 wrote large for the Conventions that were to come after, and the results will be interesting to observe. Lovers of historic parallels—and reversals—may be impressed with the contrast which the Convention arrangement for next year affords with that for just twenty years ago. McKinley was nominated at St. Louis, as everybody knew he would be, a few days before the Democratic Convention met at Chicago, at sea as to candidates.

It appears that in France, as well as in England, there is a lack of that swift and penetrating hindsight which enables so many of our bright American journalists to pronounce an unqualified judgment of incompetence and failure on a man like Sir John French. The *Manchester Guardian* has never been accounted either stupid or ignorant, yet it has the tactlessness to draw attention to the difficulties with which it imagines

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that the British general had to deal, and even the boldness to make this assertion:

> The movement from the Aisne to Flanders, which was Sir John French's idea and his alone, was an inspiration. It saved the French system of defence, which must otherwise have gone to pieces entirely. This movement is one of the few instances in the war of our having divined in advance and forestalled the enemy's strategy.

As for the Paris press, instead of rejoicing at the removal of an incubus, the cable informs us that it "is unanimous in expressions of regret at the departure of Field-Marshal French, and lays particular emphasis on his services during the trying times of the opening period of the war." And as though this were not enough, the French actually carry their perversity to the point of expressing satisfaction over the appointment of Gen. Sir Douglas Haig, not because he is the diametrical opposite of his predecessor, but because he is one of Field-Marshal French's most apt pupils!

The German Finance Minister, Dr. Karl Helfferich, in his speech before the Reichstag on Monday, recognizes a limitation on the possibilities of the war indemnities to be wrung from Germany's enemies which did not appear in his speech of last August. He still speaks of that indemnity, "upon which we naturally reckon," but he now finds it necessary to acknowledge that, whatever may be the amount of it, it will not suffice to prevent the war from having brought upon the German people "its train of colossal tax burdens." Just what consequence this consideration will have in the shape of new taxes to be immediately imposed, does not as yet appear; indeed, it is not plain whether Dr. Helfferich has in mind any very heavy augmentation of immediate tax burdens. The emphasis of his speech is all upon post-bellum taxes. That these will be "colossal" he now frankly admits; but he makes it clear that the policy will be continued of placing as much as possible of the expenditure, while the war lasts, upon loans, leaving for new taxation only what cannot be avoided without grave financial danger. How long this policy can stand the strain is a question which is bound to become of critical urgency unless the war should come to an unexpectedly speedy close.

The "facts" as to England's peril in Egypt, reported from Rome, call for some consideration. And first as to the double-track railway "from Damascus" to the Egyptian frontier, which has been pushed with extraordinary speed, and which needs only fifty miles more of track before the peninsula of Sinai is reached. As a matter of fact, there has been for ten years a railway from Damascus in the general direction of the Egyptian frontier. This is the famous Damascus-Mecca Railway, which, at Maan, is about fifty-five miles from the Egyptian frontier. Apparently, then, the extraordinary speed with which the railway has been pushed has resulted so far in five miles of new track, with fifty more to be completed. It may be, of course, that part of the work consisted in double-tracking the original single line from Damascus to Maan. At any rate, there remain fifty miles of double-track to build before Sinai is reached. How long will that take? The Damascus-Mecca line was built as a pious undertaking. Patriotic Mussulmans gave their money, and Turkish troops were employed in its construction. In seven and a half years 820 miles were built, or an average of less than ten miles a month. The best record was on the stretch to Medina, 350 miles in twenty-four months, or fifteen miles of single track a month. The fifty miles of double-track to Sinai would thus take about six months, even if we suppose that Turkey, in time of war, with her armies very busy, could equal the record of peace time.

When the double-track railway reaches the Egyptian frontier, what then? The implication of the Rome dispatches is that once an army has reached the Egyptian frontier it is at the Suez Canal. As a matter of fact, the Suez Canal lies 150 miles west of the frontier and between is the whole of the peninsula of Sinai. If the Teuto-Turkish army of invasion leaves the rails at the frontier, it is no better off than the Turkish army which made the first attempt against the Suez Canal, with this important difference: that it would be a question of feeding and supplying an army of 300,000 men across 150 miles of desert, instead of the comparative handful which the Turks employed. If, on the other hand, it is the intention to push the railway straight across the Sinai peninsula to within striking distance of the Canal, the Kaiser and the Sultan have undertaken a building operation of a couple of years, and not a task that will be finished by next February, as the dispatches from Rome assert. In addition there are all the miles of water-pipes to lay across the desert! By that time England should be in a position to meet the attack with adequate forces. We are very much inclined to think that England to-day has enough men for the task in Egypt, which is her principal base for the operations in the Balkans.

The proprieties in the Balkans are being carefully observed. Italy, for example, has been pouring out her blood against Austria, but with Austria's great ally Italy is not at war. She may soon be, in Albania, but it is not certain. Greece has her own punctilio: the Germans and Austrians may cross the Greek border in pursuit of the Allies, but the Bulgars must not. It is a choosing of partners in a tragic quadrille. Austrians are matched off against the Montenegrins because the Germans, by attacking Montenegro, might irritate Italy, whose Queen is a Black Mountain princess. For the same reason Germans will not enter Albania, but will let the Bulgarians do it, while they do the Bulgars' work in Greece, etc., etc. Is this another sign of diplomatic Bourbonism which insists, even in the midst of a world catastrophe, on its little convenances? Or is it cool-headed recognition of the fact that life will go on after the war and that every trifle which may help the reëstablishment of civilized relations is worth preserving?

A literary *entente* seems to be forming rapidly among the Allies. A few months ago sixty-seven Russian writers addressed an appeal for closer relations to the British world of letters. Emile Boutroux has headed a committee designed to draw English and French authors together, and in November appeared a literary "manifesto" signed by Belgians and French. In such a time the literary men recall the fact that so long ago as 1754 humanistic cosmopolitanism bore fruit in a French periodical called the *Journal Etranger*, and that it aimed to include all Europe, not merely the nations of a military alliance. Its first editor was Grimm, whose cosmopolitan tastes were among his chief distinctions, and its second the Abbé Prévost, a renowned traveller, who knew English literature as no other Frenchman of his time. Among its supporters were the royal families of France, Poland, and Prussia, and libraries of all Europe, and among its contributors were Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Malesherbes. The *Journal Etranger* endured three years, one of its strangest adventures into foreign fields, the publication of three Iroquois chants, proving its swan song. It did not, as its prospectus hoped, see born a literary age to be called the age, not of Elizabeth or Louis XIV, but *le siècle glorieux de l'Europe entière*. But it may serve to remind modern cosmopolitanism that it can

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succeed only by a spirit that will overcome such barriers as now exist between the Teutonic and the other Powers.

The death of Francis M. Cockrell recalls to mind not so much his own thirty years' service as United States Senator from Missouri, though that was of respectable quality, as the career of the man whom he succeeded. When Missouri went back to the Democratic fold, it was plain that Carl Schurz could have no political future in that State, and his retirement from the Senate in 1875, after a single term of distinguished service, was felt by intelligent citizens to be a serious loss to the nation. He was, indeed, enabled to continue to render services of the highest value to the country, as Secretary of the Interior under Hayes and afterwards as journalist and as a personal leader of opinion. But the natural sequel to such a career as his had been—beginning almost with his arrival in the land of his adoption and continuing throughout twenty of the most crucial years of our country's history—would have been continuous service in public posts of the highest importance. It is one of the serious drawbacks of our State system—arising by no means solely from Constitutional restrictions, but even more from the traditions of local pride or exclusiveness—that the future of a man who is essentially a national figure depends on circumstances peculiar to his own State. A change of residence is indeed possible, but the new arrival labors under a tremendous handicap. What might it not have meant for the country if New York had risen to its opportunity and sent Schurz to the Senate!

Secretary Redfield's annual report contains a reminder to Congress that the new orders he issued following the Eastland disaster by no means serve as a full protection against future occurrences of the sort. The two most important forbade the issuance of an increased passenger-carrying license except after a personal inspection, and called for "inclining tests" of any vessel whose stability the inspectors questioned. But there is still no law giving the Government adequate control over the structural strength of vessels, so that the plans are left to the builder's judgment, and only the likelihood of incurring the disapproval of Lloyd's and other classification services operates as a restraint upon the launching of unseaworthy craft. The Secretary asks for power to centralize the inspection of hulls and boilers in the Supervising Inspector-General, for a law requiring fireproof construction of all excursion steamers built after 1917, and, above all, for a much larger force in the Steamboat Inspection Service, which is at present "seriously overworked." The Chicago grand jury complained that the inspectors were untrained men, and prayed that the service be turned over to the Navy Department. If it is the duty of Congress to see that the appropriation for the inspection service and the powers granted it are enlarged, it is the duty of the Secretary to see that his field force is well chosen.

The election of Major R. R. Moton, of Hampton Institute, as head of Tuskegee to succeed Dr. Booker T. Washington, will everywhere cause the friends of negro education to rejoice. Major Moton has well earned this position by his admirable work for Hampton, which will keenly feel the loss of his services. An excellent orator of exactly Dr. Washington's type, with a thorough understanding of conditions in the South and the Southern white people, Major Moton could not be better equipped for the great task which he assumes. Like Dr. Washington, he has made his way up from small beginnings, but, unlike his predecessor, he has given his whole life to service at Hampton, where his tact, his self-subordination, and his never-failing patience and good humor early attracted attention. Finally it is interesting to note that Major Moton is a full-blooded negro, who in his new position will, like Richard R. Wright, of the Savannah Industrial School, and many others, give the lie to the old fable that only mulattoes advance to responsible intellectual positions. As it is, there is now every assurance that Tuskegee will go on with as slight a break in leadership as possible, and will be carried on as an educational institution in precisely the spirit of Booker Washington. If Hampton can now find the right successor to Major Moton, it will be further gratifying proof of the ability of the colored people to develop high and worthy leadership.

That one "purpose play" has lived three-quarters of a century is a fact recalled by the death of an actor said to be the original "Uncle Tom"; for no doubt there are still stray companies presenting one version or another of Mrs. Stowe's story. Its production on the stage was simultaneous with its publication as a book, for it first appeared in a periodical. While in 1852 it was running up a sale of 300,000 copies, there were beginning those performances which have reached a total beyond those of any other play in America. It was perhaps with the stage version in mind that Fanny Kemble wrote the London *Times* that she could bear witness to the truth and moderation of the book as a representation of the slave system. Yet the history of the play must be looked back upon with mixed feelings. Its great vogue during the years preceding and immediately following the Civil War was accounted for by its graphic bearing upon the most vital question of the time. Its long vigor since then is much less attributable to its historical interest than to its melodramatic thrills; and it is not pleasant to consider that the most popular American drama has been one dramatically cheaper than "East Lynne." Not merely rural, but metropolitan, audiences have helped make Topsy the prototype of all negro comic characters, Legree the symbol of an arch-villain, and Little Eva the object of a wider bathetic regard than Paul Dombey. It was in the large cities that the apotheosis of Uncle Tom reached its most magnificent absurdity.

The Villistas' acknowledgment that the game is up is formal recognition of a fact that has been patent for some months. It marks the end of an epoch and the beginning of another which will be signalized with due pomp when Carranza enters Mexico City and sets to work at the reconstruction of Mexico with the good will of the nations. For the moment our interest attaches to the flitting from the contemporary stage of one of its most picturesque characters. "Pancho" Villa, the outlaw, who came within striking distance of the Presidency of Mexico, the bandit who developed into a military genius, represented in his own person the raw capacities of the Mexican people for good and evil. He was the peon to whom the policies of Diaz denied the opportunity for developing into a contented and prosperous citizen of his country. It has been a romantic career. Yuan Shi-Kai, who has won an emperor's crown, set out from the high position of Governor of one of China's greatest provinces, and has traversed the interval in fifteen years. If we measure the distance from Villa's starting point to where he stood at the height of his power, the record is no less impressive. Nor does the picturesque record suffer from the fact that the outlaw Villa rose to fame on the crest of a great cause, that he will go down in history as one of the avengers of Francisco Madero and a vindicator of the cause of Mexican democracy.

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IF THE COLONEL HAD BEEN THE KAISER.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his latest article in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, finds the whole world more out of joint than he usually does. But what could he expect, since the one man born to set it right is out of office? President Wilson is, of course, thoroughly incompetent. If proof of this were lacking, it could be found in the fact that he is heartily supported by Mr. Taft. And Mr. Roosevelt can find no hope even in the fact that the President is borrowing ideas from the Colonel—though always about a year too late. "Over a year ago I pointed out that it was the duty of the United States to champion the integrity of the neutral rights of Belgium, against the lawless conduct of belligerent Germany."

This statement, which in substance Mr. Roosevelt has made repeatedly, raises an interesting question. Many have asked what Mr. Roosevelt would have done if he had been President in August, 1914. The answer just made by his old friend and psychological analyzer, Professor Münsterberg, is that "in the White House he would have been the leader of the anti-Allies." This is an inference from the fundamental German sympathies which the professor discovers in the Colonel. And here comes the really interesting question. It is not, what would Roosevelt have done had he been President, but what would he have done if he had been the Kaiser? In other words, in his violent and iterated condemnation of the German Government for violating the treaty with Belgium, is he not condemning himself? Have we not evidence, in what he did and in the views which he has expressed, that if he had been in the Kaiser's place he would have invaded Belgium without scruple, and, instead of apologizing for it half-heartedly, as the German Chancellor did, would have glorified it as an act of the highest international righteousness?

The essence of the charge against Germany is that she broke her treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium and the inviolability of her territory. Well, the United States had a treaty binding this country just as strongly, yet President Roosevelt broke it without a moment's hesitation. The treaty of 1846 between Colombia and this country solemnly recited that "as an especial compensation for the said advantages, and for the favors they have acquired by the fourth, fifth, and sixth articles of this treaty, the United States guarantee, positively and efficaciously, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus [Panama] . . . and the United States also guarantee, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada [Colombia] has and possesses over the said territory." But we all know what happened. When Roosevelt "took" the isthmus, far from paying any regard to our promise to guarantee Colombian sovereignty over it, he gave orders to prevent Colombia from even attempting to assert her own sovereignty. And as if to leave no doubt in any one's mind concerning his notions of international morality, Mr. Roosevelt flatly declared later that if he had not been able to seize the isthmus by means of a fraudulent revolution, he would have resorted to direct force. In a letter to W. R. Thayer, printed in the latter's Life of John Hay, Vol. II, p. 328, he wrote: "If they [the Panamanians] had not revolted, *I should have recommended to Congress to take possession of the isthmus by force of arms.*" The Kaiser would be hard put to it to beat that.

In the same Life of Hay there is another letter by Mr. Roosevelt which indicates how much weight he would have given, had he been Kaiser, to the Prussian treaty of 1839 guaranteeing Belgian neutrality. This letter was written to John Hay himself, at the time of the negotiation of the Hay-Pauncefote Canal treaty, in 1900. It contains a phrase which might well be thought a Roosevelt variant of Bethmann-Hollweg's "scrap of paper." Here it is:

> *As for existing treaties—I do not admit the "dead hand" of the treaty-making power in the past.*

Of course, being Mr. Roosevelt, he hedged and went on to speak of the need of having treaties "honorably abrogated," but who can doubt that the sentence we have quoted speaks the instinctive attitude of the Colonel towards a treaty that gets in his way? By so much, the Harvard psychologist is right in finding a right Prussian quality in the American whom he has so intimately studied.

Going back, then, to the question what the Colonel would have done if he had been the Kaiser, we are forced to conclude that he would have struck at France through Belgium with even less reluctance than Wilhelm II displayed. And such talk as he now indulges in about Belgium he would have scorned as merely so much chatter. We do take patriotic pride, however, in the belief that the Colonel would have far outdone the Kaiser in one respect. The latter represented the attack on Belgium as a disagreeable military necessity, and his heart bled over Louvain. But if Mr. Roosevelt had had the job to do, he would have set about it in the blithest spirit, would have put joyous zest into the violation of a treaty, and would have lectured all and sundry with a kind of holy unction on the exalted regard for righteousness which he had exhibited.

GALLIPOLI AND AFTER.

What is the "other sphere of operations" to which the British forces from northern and central Gallipoli have been transferred? This is the outstanding question of the moment. If we knew the correct answer we should know, at least in outline, the Allied plans for winter and spring. And this not only for the Balkans and the Mediterranean but for every theatre of war. It is hard not to associate the withdrawal from Gallipoli with the prolonged conferences among the military authorities of the Allies recently concluded in Paris. The decision must have been framed there. The situation had been thoroughly canvassed. France must have told what troops she could continue to spare for the Balkans. Italy must have made it pretty clear to what extent the Allies could count upon her. Coming after the conquest of Servia and the vanishing of the hope of an immediate Allied campaign from Salonica, the Paris conferences must once for all have decided upon a course demanded by the ultimate necessity of victory, to the disregard of the loss of prestige involved in this or that confession of defeat. At Paris it was recognized that the Gallipoli campaign was a failure. It was a question where the deadlocked troops could be used with better effect. Was it decided to bring the French forces home, or to send them to Salonica? And the British troops, have they been taken to Salonica or have they been shipped back to Egypt?

Once the Allies have determined to face the realities of the situation in the Mediterranean, it is not altogether improbable that a retirement from Salonica may follow the retirement from Gallipoli. The immediate purpose of the Allied dash for Salonica, the rescue of Servia, has failed. The secondary purpose, the development of a possible flank attack on the Turks, has also failed, at least for months to come. Confronting the Allies in the Balkans there are now at least 150,000 Austro-Germans, a quarter of a million Bulgarians, and 150,000 Turks released from Gallipoli. If the Allies are to redress the situation in the Balkans they must bring to

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bear an equal number of troops. Where are they to come from? We cannot take seriously the story of an Italian army advancing through the Albanian mountains. Just about as much importance attaches to the army Russia is supposed to have been collecting on the Rumanian frontier. If the Allies are to make another try in the Balkans an army of half a million men must operate from Salonica. Only then could Rumania be stirred from her present apathy for the Allied cause. Even then it would be an uncertain fight, involving a tremendous effort without corresponding gains. The original hope of aligning the Balkan states solidly against Germany has vanished. Bulgaria is definitely committed, Greece is determined to remain neutral, and Austria's position is not what it was when the Russians were hammering away at the Carpathians.

Only by throwing the necessary half-million men into Salonica, by winning over Greece, by making the chances for victory extremely attractive to Rumania, can the situation be redressed. The thing is possible, but not probable. It is not to be supposed that the Germans will stand still while Salonica is converted into an impregnable base. It is not impossible that the fortifications north of Salonica are intended to safeguard the withdrawal of the Allied troops from that port. The Balkans having lost their value as a short cut to victory, the Allies may have decided to do what Germany did after the Marne and Ypres—stand on the defensive where they cannot advance, and try elsewhere. The French, who are now calling out the class of 1917, could easily use their colonial troops at home. The British could use their Balkan forces for Egypt, definitely assuring the safety of that country, and giving them a free mind for operations in the field where the war must after all be decided, in Flanders and Belgium. With Egypt safe, with the enormous strain of holding the Ægean and feeding its marooned armies relaxed, England would be giving its new commander-in-chief in the west a chance such as Field-Marshal French never had. It is true that the Germans and Turks, with the way clear in the Balkans, will develop pressure against Egypt. But the British forces now in the Balkans would have in Egypt an advantage they now lack. And conversely the armies of the Central Powers would be confronted with the serious task of conducting operations in the Arabian desert hundreds of miles away from their base.

The Gallipoli campaign has been one of many surprises. It has taught the world many things. Not the least is the rejuvenation of Turkey upon which so much stress has been laid at Berlin. It would be more proper to speak of the rejuvenation of the Turkish army. The future of the Ottoman Empire is not so rosy when we think of a victorious Bulgaria turning its eyes from Macedonia to Thrace, of the Russians in the Caucasus, of the British in Mesopotamia, in spite of their recent defeats. The Turkish army, on the other hand, fighting on three fronts, has certainly belied the predictions based on its showing in the Balkan wars of three years ago. Yet the transformation has been a simple one as we see it now. Against the Balkan states the Turks went to pieces because they were badly organized and led, and greatly outnumbered. The fighting qualities of the Turkish soldier have always been recognized. After 1913 the Turkish army was rebuilt under German supervision. In the present war it has had the advantage of German ammunition and German leadership.

COMMANDERS WHO HAVE FAILED.

The retirement of Field-Marshal French from the chief command of the British forces on the western front leaves Joffre the only survivor of the generalissimos at the outbreak of the war. Von Moltke is gone, the Grand Duke Nicholas is gone, the Austrian generals Auffenberg and Dank were among the first to go. A war lasting nearly a year and a half is bound to make and unmake leaders. A war so full of technical surprises as the present war is bound to facilitate the process. It is only the military genius who lasts through changes and surprises. Men of inferior talent go down and are succeeded by men who need not be of superior talent, but who profit by the mistakes of their predecessors. Kitchener and French made their great reputations in the Boer War. But if either of the men had first been in command in South Africa instead of Sir Redvers Buller, it is not impossible that theirs would have been the mistakes.

Below the rank of commander-in-chief there has been a drastic weeding out of generals in all the armies. The hand of Joffre has been particularly heavy. He made wholesale changes before the war, on the showing of corps and division commanders in the great manœuvres. During the first weeks of actual fighting he cut right and left. Of the men at the head of the five French armies which took the field, Dubail, Castelnau, Ruffey, Langle de Cary, and Lanrezac, two were removed as soon as the retreat began to the Marne. Ruffey, who failed on the Meuse, gaze way to Sarrail, and Lanrezac, who failed on the Sambre, made way for Franchet d'Esperey. It is true that Castelnau failed in the invasion of Lorraine, but his influence was apparently strong enough to keep him in place until he got the chance to redeem himself magnificently around Nancy. Since the first week of actual fighting new French armies have been created and new men have come up. The Sixth Army, which D'Amade organized out of territorial forces and new levies in Flanders, was brought to Paris and under Gen. Maunoury won the battle of the Ourcq as part of the battle of the Marne. A Seventh Army, under Gen. Foch, held the centre in that battle, and is believed by many to have decided its outcome. New men have come up since then. At the head of some of the French armies are men like D'Urbal, who was a general of division at the outbreak of the war; Maud'huy, who was a general of brigade, and, the most remarkable case of rapid advancement, Pétain, who at the beginning of the war was colonel of infantry and who within a year rose through the ranks of brigadier, division commander, and corps commander to his present post.

There have been similar failures and promotions in all the other armies. Of the Germans the first to go was von Hausen, who led the Saxon army at the battle of the Marne. Von Deimling, who commanded in Alsace, has disappeared from the news. The great von Kluck is now convalescing from what gives every sign of being a diplomatic illness. Of British commanders, Ian Hamilton failed in Gallipoli. The Russians, Rennenkampf and Sievers are gone, for obvious reasons. Radko Dmitrieff, who felt the brunt of the Teutonic attack in Galicia, is out of the news. Neither is there mention of Brusiloff, who helped to win the battles of Rawarusska and Lemberg. But Gens. Ruszky and Ivanoff have survived, and apparently with credit. We know of no definite changes in the Turkish command, but instead of Liman von Sanders, who was prominent during the first phase of the fighting in the Dardanelles, we now hear of von der Goltz. Names in the Austrian bulletins are new—Bothmer, Koevess, Baltin, Pflanzer. Archdukes and Crown Princes, of course, never fail.

When we look for specific reasons in the case of Field-Marshal French, it is hard to speak definitely. The outstanding reason, of course, is his failure to show results commensurate with the present size of the British army. The specific charges are the

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failure at Neuve Chapelle in March, and the disappointment of Loos in September. The same accusations have been made in both instances—lack of preparation by the Staff and unaccountable delay in bringing up reserves. Sir John French confesses to some confusion in part of the operations around Loos. But it would be unjust to overlook the peculiar handicap under which the British army has labored. It has not had the advantage of veteran staff officers and intimate acquaintance with the ground. The British army has had to create its officers as well as its men. Furthermore, it is unjust to speak of the British "failure" around Loos as compared with the French success in Champagne. From the German point of view, both attacks failed. Considering the superior resources Joffre had at his command, the relative gains may not have been so disproportionate. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in Joffre the French have a man of proved ability.

Sir John French's going emphasizes the changed aspect of the war since last spring. It concerns the question of men and munitions. At the beginning of the war events were decided by leadership and numbers. With the commencement of trench warfare it became a question of munitions, and even now people speak of a war to be won in the armament factories. But it would really appear that the problem of munitions has been solved and that it is once more a question of leadership. At Neuve Chapelle the British ammunition gave out in a short time. It was on this issue that Lord Northcliffe conducted his drive against Lord Kitchener. There was no shortage of ammunition around Loos. Britain first had to find her men. Then she had to find guns and ammunition. Now she must find a great leader.

CONGRESS AND THE CONSTITUTION.

WASHINGTON, December 13.—Congress will be urged at its present session to *submit the question* of a national constitutional prohibition amendment to the States for ratification. The words we have put in italics convey a false and dangerous view of the duty of Congress in relation to a proposed amendment of the Constitution. When such a proposal is presented to Congress, its duty is to consider it and pass judgment on its merits; and only in the event that the proposal is approved by a two-thirds vote of each house does it become a question with which the Legislatures of the several States have anything to do. Their share in the matter is solely in the nature of a check on the decision of Congress. That decision does not become operative until the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States have expressed their approval of it; but it is the act of Congress, and not the ratification by the Legislatures, that is the fundamental part of the proceeding.

All this would be plain enough even if the passage of a constitutional amendment by Congress were effected, like that of an ordinary bill, by a mere majority vote; but the extraordinary requirement of a two-thirds vote of each house makes it peculiarly evident. If the main part of the process were the action of the Legislatures—if the function of Congress were merely to "submit the question" to these bodies—surely a majority vote would be an ample condition to lay down. Obviously, the idea was that no amendment should be made to the Constitution which had not received the emphatic approval of the national Legislature. If the advocates of a bill in Congress, or in a State Legislature, were to urge that body not to pass the bill on its merits but to "submit the question" to the President, or the Governor, they would be laughed out of court; everybody recognizes that the veto power is designed as a check upon the judgment of the legislative body and not as a substitute for such judgment. Take, again, the case of the treaty-making power. The President's power to make treaties is limited by the necessity of ratification by the Senate; but would any one dream of asking him to waive his own judgment in relation to a proposed treaty, and simply "submit the question" of its adoption to the Senate? In all these matters, the primary and fundamental responsibility rests with the body, or the individual, that takes action on the subject in the first instance; the ratifying power is secondary, designed to provide an additional safeguard against error, and not at all to absolve from responsibility those who are charged with the duty of the primary decision.

Not only is this the actual fact in regard to the amendment of the Federal Constitution, but it is manifestly what ought to be the fact. It is only in Congress that the merits of a proposed change in the Constitution of the United States can be discussed on the large lines which are appropriate to such a question, and with a thoroughness commensurate with its importance. It is only when the subject is before Congress that public attention can be adequately centred upon it. The importance of the action then pending is so plain that the persons opposed to it, the persons in favor of it, and the persons whose judgment has not been formed, are alike upon notice to fix their attention on the question. It has a chance of receiving its due share of notice in the press. The various stages of its parliamentary progress are followed with keen interest. As the final test of strength approaches, everybody interested realizes that a decision of crucial importance is about to be made; and when the vote is taken, it is the outcome of such a contest as befits an issue of fundamental importance. If Congress were to abdicate its function, and regard itself as a mere vehicle for the placing of the question before the State Legislatures, all this would be swept away; for it is obvious that nothing of the kind would take place in the scattered proceedings of the forty-eight State Legislatures, each charged with but a small share in the responsibility of the decision, and taking it up at odd times, determined perhaps by chance, perhaps by some clever and unnoticed manœuvre.

And in addition to these broad considerations there are two circumstances of a peculiar nature which greatly add to the imperativeness of the duty of Congress to pronounce its own deliberate judgment on any proposed amendment to the Constitution. One of these turns on the gross inequality with which the population of the country is represented in the count of State Legislatures. Nevada, with 80,000 population, counts for as much as New York with 9,000,000; and in fact (by the Census of 1910) the twelve most populous States in the Union have a population of 51,000,000, while the other thirty-six States—three-fourths of the whole number—have only 41,000,000. The House of Representatives is the only place, in the whole process of passing an amendment, where the people are represented even approximately according to their number. The other circumstance is still more important. There appears to be no limit of time for the ratification of an amendment by a State Legislature. It might easily happen that these ratifications would be gradually accumulated at odd times until the requisite three-fourths was obtained, and yet that there would be no one time when three-fourths of the Legislatures in actual existence were in favor of it. If Congress is to stand aside, the whole question of the adoption of an amendment becomes a haphazard affair, devoid of almost every feature belonging to a real test of public sentiment. If we are to preserve our fundamental law from all sorts of unpredictable danger, we must adhere firmly to that view of the conditions requisite to effecting a

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change in it which is prescribed alike by the language of the Constitution and by the plainest considerations of reason and justice.

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.

Lord Alverstone, formerly Lord Chief Justice of England, whose death was recorded last week, had several contacts with the United States. He was repeatedly invited to address the American Bar Association, as his predecessors, Russell and Coleridge, had done, but was unable to accept. However, he formed the acquaintance of many American lawyers. Some of them he met at the two great international arbitrations at which he, as Sir Richard Webster, was of British counsel. We refer to the Behring Sea arbitration of 1893 and the Venezuela arbitration of 1897. But Alverstone's chief repute in this country was due to his unusual and high-minded course when he was himself a member of the arbitration tribunal which, in 1903, passed upon the Alaska boundary dispute between Great Britain and the United States. The controversy was primarily between our Government and the Canadian, and two of the arbitrators were Canadians. There were three Americans, Messrs. Root, Lodge, and Turner, so that Lord Alverstone's vote for the American contention was decisive.

It was a fact that our Senate was led to ratify the treaty to arbitrate the Alaska boundary question by a rather ignoble argument. We could not possibly lose under it, so it was said, and we might win. Our own arbitrators were certain to stand for the American view, and there was a bare chance that one of the three on the other side might be persuaded of the justice of our cause. So it turned out. But the clever people at Washington could hardly have anticipated the large and noble way in which Lord Alverstone interpreted his duty. His own account of the matter was quietly given, but so illustrates his high conception of the obligations of a judge, and so clearly points out the unfortunate nature of arbitrations without disinterested third parties taking part in the decision, that it is worth quoting:

> The papers were very voluminous, and after studying them carefully and hearing all the arguments, I came to the conclusion that I could not support the main contention of Canada as regarded the boundary, and, acting purely in a judicial capacity, I was under the painful necessity of differing from my two Canadian colleagues. I need scarcely say that, as I had appeared for Canada with success in the Behring Sea Arbitration, I only came to this decision with the greatest reluctance, and nothing but a sense of my duty to my position influenced me. I mention this because my conduct in giving this decision was the subject of violent and unjust criticism on the part of some Canadians. This feeling lasted for a considerable time, but I am bound to say that I think reflection and later consideration of the questions involved have resulted in a fairer judgment. I have always felt since that arbitration that in any dispute between nations some members of the tribunal dealing with the questions should be of a nationality independent of the two contesting parties. In this case, as I have shown, the United States and Great Britain were both represented by their own nationals, and it puts a great strain on the members of the tribunal in such cases when they have to decide against the country by which they have been nominated, without having the support of any independent jurists of another nationality.

The above citation is from the book, "Recollections of Bar and Bench," which Lord Alverstone wrote in 1914. It was published in this country early in 1915. From its unpretentious record of a great lawyer's success, one gets a very definite impression of the qualities which enabled Richard Webster to win the highest prizes of the English bar. He was, first of all, a tremendous worker. He had an industry seemingly made of iron. His intense application in the mastery of his cases led to such humorous exaggerations as that which Frank Lockwood embodied in a whimsical sketch, to the effect that Webster went to bed with his boots on, so as to lose no time. As he rose rapidly in his profession, the amount of business urged upon him was enormous. He notes simply that "for two separate periods of ten months, I had a case every day from October 12th till August 12th." But in addition to this capacity for severe labor, Sir Richard Webster impressed everybody with the great simplicity and integrity of his character. His action in the Alaska arbitration was of a piece with his whole career. Professional zeal or pride never overcame his desire that justice be done and that the soundest view of the law be established. As Attorney-General he once gave the Privy Council an opinion which it refused to accept. Thereupon, observed Lord Alverstone, "I had the mortification of writing over against my opinion in the Law Officers' Book, 'This opinion is wrong. See Walker *v.* Baird.'"

It must not be supposed that Lord Alverstone was merely a law machine. He touched life humanly in many ways. A University athlete himself, he took great interest in athletic contests, often serving as a judge of them. One of his chapters is headed "Athletics and Music," indicating his two main recreations. He writes of his membership in different glee clubs, and of his fondness for part-singing, all in a sober way, nowhere alluding to the fact that the Lord Chief Justice could sing a comic song as well as the next man. It was a life of great dignity which has closed, but also one of singular amenity. Lord Alverstone is fully entitled to a place among the worthies of the English bar and bench who not only did a man's full work in their profession, but warmed both hands at the fire of life.

Foreign Correspondence

THE COALITION GOVERNMENT—AFTER SEVEN MONTHS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

LONDON, December 4.

Disraeli's much-quoted aphorism about England's dislike of a Coalition Government is falsified by the result of the one over which Mr. Asquith presides. Its formation was one of his happiest thoughts, his most successful strokes of state. It was the more startling since not only was its adoption sudden and unexpected, but it was in direct conflict with recently avowed convictions. Within ten days of one on which he came down to the House and almost casually mentioned the new arrangements, the Premier, questioned on the subject, declared that coalition had not been discussed in the Cabinet circle, and committed himself to statement of the opinion that it was not desired by the public. The public was not consulted in the matter. After an experience of seven months it found reason to abandon any measure of hostile prejudice that may have existed.

It is historically true that earlier Coalition Governments, from the time of Fox onwards, have not been successful. The reason is obvious. They were based upon party expediency presenting the last desperate chance of maintaining or creating a government of any kind. It was a forced division of spoil effected between the chiefs of two hostile camps. The present Government rests on the foundation of the abnegation of party ambitions and tactics. The country was in danger, and claimed the help, not of one or other party, but of the best brains among the leaders of both. This help was freely forthcoming unhampered by conditions, freed from petty jealousies or party prejudice. Such rare conditions in political life made possible the creation and smooth working of a homogeneous body. In ordinary times and circumstances nothing is sacred to smoking-room gossip. Making free with personages prominent in public life, it is particularly active in hinting at dissension in the Cabinet. It is a fact significant to those intimately acquainted with political and parliamentary life that since last spring, when the present Government was constituted, there has not been a whisper of the imminence of its break-up consequent upon cabals of the Cabinet. The fact that there have been none would not necessarily account for this rare reticence.

The novelty of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law seated side by side in confidential conversation, while Mr. Balfour beams on Mr McKenna, and Mr. Walter Long hobnobs with Mr. Lloyd George, has worn itself out. But from time to time there recurs a gentle

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surprise that such things can be in perfect consummation. The new recruits have fallen into their changed places as easily and completely as if they had been born to them. Each has his own department to look after, and is content to leave the leadership of the House and the general direction of affairs in the hands of the Prime Minister. On a recent occasion, when he was called across the Channel on urgent business connected with the war, he nominated Mr. Bonar Law as his deputy. In accordance with Parliamentary tradition, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in such circumstances temporarily succeeds to the leadership. Without detriment to Mr. McKenna's capacity for performing the duty, it may be counted fortunate that the moment found him too busy with his budget to take on added work. The Colonial Secretary accordingly found his opportunity and made the most of it. The House had long been familiar with him, standing at the other side of the table performing the traditional duty of the Leader of the Opposition to oppose. While admitting his ability, it was occasionally disposed to criticise his manner. At the outset Mr. Law naïvely informed the Government that he was not going to say other than disagreeable things about them. From time to time, with the chivalrous prevision of the curate in "The Private Secretary," he announced that he was going to "give them a good hard knock." Time and experience blunted the sharp edge of this little mannerism. His attitude and speech as representing the Leader of a House in which opposition is practically non-existent entirely freed him from it. He was at once urbane and dexterous, with touches of personal frankness that lent novelty to a speech delivered from this quarter of the House. He made a distinct advance in the esteem of the critical assembly closely watching and listening.

Mr. Balfour habitually effaces himself from the position of prominence and authority demanded by his personality and his high office. He drops in occasionally at the question hour and admiringly listens to Dr. Macnamara answering questions addressed to the First Lord of the Admiralty. Thereafter departmental business of a pressing character calls him away. Only once since he took his seat on the Treasury Bench has he come to the front. Called by critical inquiries into the doings of the navy, submitted by an honorable friend below the Gangway on the Ministerial side, he delivered a speech of considerable length, which testified that his long retirement from active participation in public affairs has not lowered his old form as a Parliamentary debater.

As a rule, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in common with his colleagues on the front Opposition bench, is content to confine his energies and his interposition in the day's proceedings to matters concerning his own Department. This is a course of conduct that naturally accompanies an abnormal state of Parliamentary affairs. There being no organized opposition, there is nothing in the way of a full-dress debate. The longest speeches of Mr. Chaplin, unofficial Leader of the Opposition, take the form of daily inquiry as to the business of to-morrow and the day after, or to gentle advice to restive members of the motley team on the front bench to be gentle with his Majesty's Government such as it is. If by chance debate were to arise on one of the traditional issues, say a vote of confidence in the Government, the Prime Minister would be able to muster on the combined wings of the forces at his command an incomparable array of Parliamentary swordsmen.

The state of affairs in India affords Mr. Chamberlain no chance of distinguishing himself in his new office. Happy is the country that has no annals. One night last week the Secretary of State, in charge of a small measure affecting the internal affairs of India, was privileged to address an audience of sixteen members. He had one opportunity of which he made the most. Replying to a friendly question, he enumerated the names of the princes and chiefs of native states who have come to the assistance of Great Britain in time of peril. The ease and accent with which he declaimed the catalogue of sonorous Indian titles excited the marvel and admiration of the House. Busiest among new members is Mr. Walter Long, who has this week added to earlier legislative successes a bill usefully restraining the tendency to raise rents upon small house property.

A NEW FIELD OF WAR—PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, December 1.

In this war of wars, we are not only learning more geography than we thought possible when we were schoolboys, we are also growing familiar with all sorts and conditions of men, who would have been fit subject-matter for some university course in ethnography, let alone ethnology. It interests us now. The yellow splotch on the map which I remember as Turkey in Asia takes on new details daily. Palestine was always a household word. What most of us knew about Syria was that Napoleon laid siege there to St. Jean d'Acre, and that Queen Hortense gave her name to an army song which shows how simple-hearted the world was then:

> When he left for Syria,
> Handsome, young Dunois
> Prayed the Holy Virgin
> To bless him in the war:
> "O immortal Queen," he prayed,
> Sailing o'er the sea,
> "Let me love the most beautiful,
> And let me bravest be!"

Perhaps the next weeks, or the next months, will see handsome, young Frenchmen sailing away again to Syria, as they are now sailing to Salonica, which is on the way; and most of them will pray just as Dunois did, though hardly in the same words, but more likely in traditional prayers which the real Crusaders used. They are not the only traditions of her past which France has in Syria.

In these last days, the news and the talk of war make it more and more likely that the Allies will have to extend their expeditions to Syria, and, even if they have not, may very well do so. It is late in the day, perhaps Syria is not the place for an armed diversion that may make the Turks leave off massacring the Armenians who are still alive. Yet the Romans got possession of Syria by subduing Tigranes, King of Armenia. Possibly a more urgent military reason will be the defence of the Suez Canal and Egypt against any expedition of the enemy. The working of the English towards Bagdad will help the fitness of an advance of France on Syria.

All names like these bring back the "spheres of influence" on which Germany, before she exploded them by war, insisted complainingly and threateningly, and by which she was profiting. Before Germany put her mailed fist on all this Turkey in Asia, the United States alone—what with buying goatskins and sausage-casings in Asia Minor and carpets in Smyrna—had more of the country's trade. France showed herself amiable, and let her people supply the necessary funds when it was decided that Germany should build and exploit the Bagdad railway and land route to the East. Germany meanwhile used her clergy, according to her usual methods, to supplant the French protectorate over Catholics, which would have been the death-blow to the already old influence of France in Syria.

It must be said that neither there nor elsewhere in exotic countries have German methods proved conciliatory of natives or their rulers. The older newspaper men in Paris remember Laurence Oliphant, who experienced erratic religion with Thomas Lake Harris in America, then did journalistic fireworks for the London *Times* in Paris during that other war of France with Germany, and, last of all, retired to the foot of Mount Carmel—where he found the curious German colony, half-religious, half-agricultural, and altogether national. The French republic has not so carefully attended to Syrian culture, although religious enterprise has scattered French men and women from their university town of Beirut to the least villages of the interior.

It should be remembered that Syria, by its people, is not so much Turkish as Arabic. Its territory stretches from Arabia to what ought to have been Armenia. There is the usual mixture of races and religions of this part of the world. There are 1,500,000 orthodox Mussulmans, like the Turks, but showing no great sympathy with them. There are 200,000 Mussulmans of unorthodox persuasion, 200,000 Druses, 150,000 Jews, 500,000 Christians, called simply Syrians, and 400,000 Maronites, 200,000 Greeks, and 50,000 Latins (numbers of the Maronites and others are also in communion with Rome).

For Mussulmans, the Turks have been all along alive to the danger of alienation. A year ago as many Arab Syrians as had a claim to clerical influence among their people were called to Constantinople and indoctrinated with a sound form of words for their teaching at home. The result has been a most Oriental address of thanks to the German Emperor for the lamp which he gave to the Grand Mosque of Damascus. In spite of all, Syrian agitators continue to demand a French military administration such as they have seen at work in other Mussulman countries, entrusted to officers used to Arabs and their religious and civil customs. Such administration has been successful in Algiers and Tunis, and now in Morocco.

Some expect an explosion of Mussulman fanaticism, encouraged by what has been allowed to go on among the Armenians. This seems unlikely, for Syria has never been constituted into a political unity by the Turks, and races are now too balanced for one to attack murderously the other, as Kurds do to Armenians. Some of us, indeed, remember the Druses' massacres of Maronites, which brought about the last intervention of French troops sixty-five years ago, and enough disunion remains to lessen the importance of late news, even if true, about Djemal Pasha, one-time Turkish Minister of Marine, having raised the standard of insurrection in the

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Syrian mountains against the Young Turks.

Where would the expeditions of the Allies disembark, if they should wish to enter Turkey in Asia from this side? It seems they have been talking about it. It was suggested that the English should enter by Alexandretta, to cut off the railway by which Germans and Turks hope to reach Egypt. It is said that Abdul Hamid, cleverer than his successor, insisted the line should be laid winding absurdly in and out of the mountains, so as to prevent it being exposed to any attack from the sea. This would oblige the attacking expedition to fight step by step through fastnesses defended by the stanchest adherents of the Sultan. For fifteen years the Germans have studied all this ground. In 1913 they were narrowly prevented from landing an expedition of their own—to prevent Turkey massacring Armenians! They have done everything to counteract French influence, which had always been paramount in this region, by establishing everywhere banks and trade, schools and electricity, along with their military explorers.

If anything is done by the Allies, it is more likely to start from the neighborhood of Beirut, where the French are favorably known and where they are at home. This region is also that which for many years has received subsidy and help from the many Syrian emigrants to the United States. The overbearing manner of the Germans in these regions has already indisposed the natives against them; and there is little love lost on the Turks.

There can be no question of another great expedition of the Allies, after Salonica. The attack on the Asiatic coast of Turkey would admit only of the method which the French have blamed elsewhere—that of *petits paquets*. It has been urged, perhaps not seriously, that the defence of the Suez Canal should be entrusted to the Japanese, who are also Allies. A Frenchman who knows the Syrian country (Marius Leblond) proposes that yet another ally should be summoned, one fitted for dealing—under Islamized French officers—with the population—Portugal!

THE CORONATION OF EMPEROR YOSHIHITO.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

TOKIO, November 10.

The Japanese passion for festival making, though not in mere song and wine, as in the dear old romantic, foolish, and rotten feudal days (it was only in festival making that the Tokugawa civilization managed to turn a passion into a system), has now with the ceremony of coronation again justified and even encouraged itself. Modern Japan, which often seeks a heterogeneous aspiration, has at once stepped back, as it seems, into the old age with only one song in heart, that is the song of life's joy. You will not believe your eyes when you see Japan (who was wearing even a cosmopolitan sack coat) dressed in a historical symphony of hues in silk and brocade, wearing ancient lacquered wooden shoes. This temporary creation of old Japan in the very heart of new Japan was begotten, happy to say, not merely from a reminiscent mood of a tired brain, but from realization that the very new Japan is nothing but the real old Japan on whom I exclaimed:

> Marvel of thy every atom burning in life,
> How fully thou livest!

This true old Japan, united heart and soul in a perfect compact, was voiced when the people all at once shouted their *Banzais* that the Empire should live, to use the words of the national anthem, "till tiny pebbles grow into giant boulders covered with emerald mosses," when our Emperor Yoshihito formally stepped up on to the Takamikura or Imperial High Throne at Shishinden Palace in Kyoto; indeed at this moment, half-past three o'clock of the tenth of November, while I am writing this brief article, my ears are deafened and stunned by the outburst of shouts from all the neighboring houses at the very time when the Emperor proclaims that "He is the holder of the Imperial seat of unparalleled antiquity descending from the Emperor Jimmu, the founder of Japan, and the very successor to his illustrious father, the Great Emperor of Meiji." Not only the conservative minds are glad to see the living proof of the Imperial House as the unshaken centre of devotion; this coronation, indeed, has proved the perfect consolidation of all Japan. And as it is the time when even in Japan we hear a dangerous sort of so-called socialism or even anarchism in broad daylight, such a proof of the nation's solidity is a joy itself.

My mind dwells on the ancient court costumes, in which the Emperor appeared before the Imperial ancestral divinities to announce the fact of his succession to the Imperial rule and his coming into possession of the Sacred Treasure. He made his presence with a lacquered wooden crown and *shitatare* of silk and brocade, not with a diamond-decked crown and sword like a European king. I have the following lines in my English diary: "The blazing crowns, sceptres, and swords in Wakefield Tower looked as if confessing, I dare say, a certain love of barbarism or brutal splendor of the British mind; I could not help thinking at this moment about the lacquered wooden crown and the wooden sceptres with which our old Emperors of Japan stepped up into the seats of the throne. Look at King George V's crown, with 3,200 diamonds and pearls, weighing some 2½ pounds. Oh, what wealth of England; and again what barbarous splendor!" But what poetry and art in our Japanese Emperor's lacquered headgear and sceptre! True, our Emperors, all of them, have stepped up on to the throne with hearts of love and beauty; and now again the Emperor Yoshihito has assumed his Imperial Throne not with a menacing sword and dazzling crown, but with the thought of love and peace.

The term coronation that here I use is an analogy; for the ceremony does not mean, as in Western countries, the placing of an hereditary crown upon the head of the ruler. Although we can say that that sort of crowning ceremony (there is no person, however, to crown the Emperor, he crowns himself when he takes possession of the Sacred Treasures which, it is said, were handed down by Amaterasu Omikami or the Sun Goddess) is one of the important proceedings, the main idea of the coronation is that the Emperor augustly announces his rule of the land to all his ancestors; the reason of the great importance of the Daijo Festival on the Fourteenth Day is that he, as the new Emperor, personally offers the new crop of rice of the year to the Sun Goddess and all the deities of heaven and earth as the first thing, and then himself partakes of it and shares it with his subjects. Japan was named of old the "Land of the Beautiful Rice Crop," and rice has been ever the principal foodstuff of her people; the performance of this harvest thanksgiving is from a real sense of gratitude towards the ancestors under whose blessing the country's peace and prosperity is assured. And in the Emperor's sharing of the new sacred crop with his subjects, we read the very meaning of his love of the people, as well as his encouragement of agriculture, indeed this Japanese coronation is the reunion of the ruler and the ruled more than anything else. Since the Daijo Festival occupies the most important place in the whole programme, the sacred grain used in the ceremony was grown in the two fields called "Yuki," in Aichi Province, and "Suki," in Kanagawa Province, which were selected many months ago as the most suitable fields. The fields, when they were chosen, were surrounded by bamboo fences; on the east and the west side were put up a Gate of the Imperial Messenger, the gate on the north side being for general admission. A ditch about six feet wide surrounded the fields for the purpose of draining off the surplus water and dirt; the fields, which were cultivated by ninety men and thirty women by special appointment, were divided into four equal sections by a crossway from the centre. And on the eastern corner was built a sentinel house where the reserve soldiers during the night kept a constant watch; and every morning a Shinto priest performed a rite for opening the day, and purified a basin of salt water with which the men and women who came to work cleansed themselves. With such pains the grain to be used at the Daijo Festival was obtained.

We college students and professors were given a place outside the palace to see the Emperor off to Kyoto on November 6; we all appeared on the ground as early as three o'clock in the morning, and patiently waited for the Imperial train to pass before us. I believe that a short service was performed at the "Kashikodokoro," or Imperial Sanctuary, where the Sacred Treasure was enshrined, before it was placed in a palanquin called "Amano Hagurumа," or "Feathery Wheel of Heaven"; and it was duly brought out of the palace with the announcement of the Emperor's departure for the station on his way to Kyoto. The Emperor followed the "Kashikodokoro" along the beautifully decorated road, amid the devoted multitudes. The "Kashikodokoro" was carried reverently by men attired in ancient costume; to it our heads lowly bent in the thought that the old palanquin, nothing unusual in appearance, held the three treasures, the sword, the band necklace, and the mirror, which, as I said before, were handed down from the Sun Goddess. Indeed they are merely a sword, a necklace, and a mirror; but allow my modern mind to consider them as symbolic of Courage, Mercy, and Knowledge. When the Sun Goddess gave her grandson the divine Mirror, Yada no Kagami, she said: "When thou lookest upon this mirror, let it be as thou wert looking at me. Let it be with thee in thy hall and on thy floor." Therefore no Emperor is a right ruler without the mirror of the Sun Goddess.

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The Realism of Arnold Bennett

AN ESTIMATE OF BENNETT'S PHILOSOPHY AND SOME INVIDIOUS DISTINCTIONS.

By STUART P. SHERMAN.

In a discussion of Mr. Dreiser's work, recently printed in these pages, I offered a protest against the confusion which results from calling all novelists who deal with contemporary life realists; and I proposed, as a means of making useful distinctions among them, a scrutiny of the bundle of general ideas which constitutes for each his "working philosophy," and which, as I maintained, necessarily underlies the artistic representation of each and in considerable measure determines its form. Having proposed to distinguish Mr. Dreiser as a naturalist on the basis of his theory of animal behavior, I felt the need of supplementing my argument by exhibiting the relationship, in some conspicuous exemplar, between genuine realism and a respectable theory of human conduct.

I.

Arnold Bennett at once appeared in at least one respect to be the most promising candidate for the position. His works, to be sure, are of very unequal value, for, frankly writing to live, he has diversified the production of masterpieces by the production of potboilers. But all sorts of good judges unite in declaring that his best novels—"The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger," "Hilda Lessways," and the newly published "These Twain,"* completing the Clayhanger trilogy—produce upon them an unprecedented impression of reality. These books, we are told, challenge and endure a comparison not with literature, but with life itself. Their "transcript" of Five Towns society is so detailed, so nearly complete, and so accurate that it may be used by the student of human nature with almost the same confidence that he places in his own first-hand observations. I was glad to find general agreement on this point, for it relieved me of the task of justifying my own conviction that Mr. Bennett is a realist.

The only objection that I saw to the choice of Mr. Bennett as the contemporary realist was that the very critics who praise the reality of his representations insist rather sternly that he has no "philosophy of life," that he does not interpret his facts, that his value resides wholly in the energetic integrity of his transcript. Mr. Darton, who has just written a book about him, and who is himself a novelist, says: "In the Five Towns novels there is no ideal. There is no criticism. There is no tradition or philosophy of society. There is nothing but life as the people described live it and see it and feel it." This is highly interesting, if true. If true, it effectively disposes of my contention that an artist cannot observe without a theory. If true, it should suggest to the younger realistic writers who are looking to Mr. Bennett as their master the wisdom of making all haste to get rid of their ideas.

Mr. Darton's assertion that Arnold Bennett's work has no value save that of mere representation was anticipated by Mr. Henry James in his discussion of the "new novel" in 1914, and was by him extended to an entire group of the younger writers, of which he specified Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells as the leaders. The distinguishing characteristic of the group, according to Mr. James, is "saturation." By this he means, as I take it, that all these novelists, and to a high degree their leaders, are masters of the materials of their art. They know with extraordinary completeness and detail *what* they are talking about. When they have made us see what they have seen, they yield us no further satisfaction. They squeeze the sponge or, as Mr. James puts it, the "orange"; this gives us an "expression of life." Expectant but disappointed criticism cries: "Yes, yes—but is this all? These are the circumstances of the interest—we see, we see; but where is the interest itself, where and what is its centre, and how are we to measure it in relation to that?"

I cannot follow a critic who finds Wells and Bennett alike in their dominant value, and, what is far more interesting, neither can Mr. Wells! Stung to the quick of his celestial mind by the polite implication that he is only a thoroughly immersed sponge, he has retorted in his semi-pseudonymous "Boon," 1915, with a scathing criticism and a "take-off" on Mr. James, whom he links with Mr. George Moore by virtue of their sterile æstheticizing. That is *their* dominant "value"—their central "interest." His own central interest, as he reasserts with more than customary vehemence and formlessness, is the expression of his yearning for a life of divine efficiency and divine ecstasy. He has a theory of conduct which has developed out of that romantic yearning; and his representations of life in fiction are experimental illustrations of that theory. It is quite absurd to charge an author with "mere representation," who almost invariably bursts the outlines of his hero, disrupts his narrative in mid-career, shatters the illusion of reality, and buries all the characters under the avalanche of his own personal dreams and desires. Mr. Wells, in brief, cherishes a "philosophy of life" which makes it impossible for him to write a realistic novel. He is dedicated to romance. His high calling is to write pseudo-scientific fantasies and fairy tales of contemporary society.

Mr. Wells in "Boon" incidentally repudiates yoke-fellowship with the novelist of the Five Towns in a passage which gives us the key to Mr. Bennett's philosophical position. Mr. Bennett is there recorded as a "derelict," an "imperfectly developed," an "aborted" great man surviving from the old times: "Would have made a Great Victorian and had a crowd of satellite helpers. Now no one will ever treasure his old hats and pipes." This is both amusing and instructive. Mr. Wells does not call a man a Victorian without malice aforethought. If I may be pardoned a violent expression, Mr. Wells would like to slay all the Victorians; better still, he would like to believe that they are all dead. What he objects to in that generation is not the "mere representation" of the novelists; it is the accursed philosophy of life which underlies their representations. Mr. Bennett rises up to prove, alas, that this philosophy is not dead yet. His solid realistic novels protest against Mr. Wells's fairy tales. His vision of life protests against Mr. Wells's vision of life. "The Old Wives' Tale" makes "The Research Magnificent" look like child's play. Put "These Twain" beside "Marriage," and instantly the art of the latter seems flimsy and incondite, and its informing ideas fantastic. And one may perhaps just note in passing that beside any one of Mr. Bennett's novels, Mr. Dreiser's "Genius" instantly appears to be a "barbaric yawp." An author whose work thus judges, so to speak, another work with which it is brought into contact, has a potent critical value meriting examination.

II.

The popular impression that Mr. Bennett has no general ideas is easily explained by the fact that he does not attempt, as Mr. Wells does, to break down the boundaries between the literary *genres*, and to make the novel serve at the same time as a narrative of events and as a philosophical dissertation. Respecting the personalities of his *dramatis personæ*, wishing to preserve the sharpness of their outlines in their own atmosphere, he does not impute to them his ideas nor set them to discussing them. With a restraint unusual among English novelists, he refrains from "editorial" comment upon his "news." When he wishes to set forth his ideas, he writes a book of popular philosophy: "Mental Efficiency," "The Feast of St. Friend," "The Plain Man and his Wife." If these books were as well known to the American public as the novels are, we should hear no more in this country about Mr. Bennett's lack of ideas. On the contrary, all our women's clubs would be debating, in their eager, simple-hearted fashion, "The Philosophy of Arnold Bennett."

Mr. Darton, more sophisticated than our fellow-countrywomen, says in effect that the philosophy of Mr. Bennett is not worth discussing. The works named above have been advertised in England, he tells us, as containing "big, strong, vital thinking." But, he continues, "'big, strong, vital thinking' is just what these remarkable little books do not contain. They contain the completest common-sense, expressed with astonishing simplicity and directness, and based upon unimpeachable honesty of outlook. They are a guide to efficiency, to self-help, to practical idealism, to alertness of intelligence, to sinewy culture, to every high quality which every crass Briton has always thought the crass Briton does not show. The United

*New York: George H. Doran Co.

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Kingdom is . . . almost overstocked with agencies for the purpose, from the physical energies of Mr. Sandow to the benevolent writings of the late Lord Avebury. . . . They are quite perfect lay sermons. But"—and this is the damning word—"they are not original." I perfectly agree that Mr. Bennett's general ideas are not "original," and commend his judgment in not tying up his art to anything so transitory as a "new" philosophy. I object to the implication, in which Mr. Wells will rejoice, that because they are old they are dead or deficient in strength and vitality. I will not stand upon the word "big," a term which should be reserved for the use of advertising managers and radical reformers. But I cannot reconcile Mr. Darton's description of these books as guides to every high quality needed by the crass Briton with his assertion that there is no criticism in the Five Towns novels, except on what seems to me the untenable assumption that Mr. Bennett, the popular novelist, and Mr. Bennett, the popular philosopher, are distinct and non-communicating beings.

The beginning of wisdom, according to this philosophy, which runs counter to our current naturalism, is the recognition of a fundamental duality in human experience. Mr. Bennett presumes not God to scan, but looking into himself as a microcosm, reports that the universe consists of a power-to-control, which is the quintessence of man, and of a power-to-be-controlled, which is nature. The zest, the object, and the compensation of existence lie in the possibility of extending the dominion of the human over the natural power. "For me," he says, "spiritual content (I will not use the word 'happiness,' which implies too much) springs from no mental or physical facts. It springs from the spiritual fact that there is something higher in man than the mind, and that something can control the mind. Call that something the soul, or what you will. My sense of security amid the collisions of existence lies in the firm consciousness that just as my body is the servant of my mind, so is my mind the servant of *me*. An unruly servant, but a servant—and possibly getting less unruly every day! Often have I said to that restive brain: 'Now, O mind, sole means of communication between the *me* and all external phenomena, you are not a free agent; you are subordinate; you are nothing but a piece of machinery; and obey me you shall.'"

The responsibility for extending the dominion of man over his own nature, and, indirectly, over his remoter circumstances, Mr. Bennett, in opposition to our popular sociological doctors, places primarily upon the individual. While Mr. Wells, for example, urges us to cast our burdens and our sins upon society, and goes about beating up enthusiasm for schemes to improve the "mind of the race" by leagues of Samurai and legislative enactments, Mr. Bennett fixes his eye upon plain John Smith, and says: "I am convinced that we have already too many societies for the furtherance of our ends. To my mind, most societies with a moral aim are merely clumsy machines for doing simple jobs with a maximum of friction, expense, and inefficiency. I should define the majority of these societies as a group of persons each of whom expects the others to do something very wonderful. Why create a society in order to help you perform some act which nobody can perform but yourself?" Arnold Bennett says disappointingly little about that "big" idea, "the mind of the race." And whenever he contemplates that impressive and admired abstraction, "the backbone of the nation," it resolves itself under his realistic gaze into the by-him-no-less-admired but certainly less generally impressive spinal columns of John Smith and other homely vertebrates.

In dealing with the relations of John Smith to Mrs. Smith, the Victorian Bennett feels obliged to say, in opposition to those who hold out for these plain people the prospect of a life of freedom and sustained ecstasy to be attained by upsetting the established social and economic order, that the ideas of freedom and ecstasy are romantic will-o'-the-wisps. In the recent "evolution" of society he perceives rapid changes for the better in living conditions and a gradual amelioration of manners and tastes, but no significant alteration in the elements of human nature. "Passionate love," he insists, "does not mean happiness; it means excitement, apprehension, and continually renewed desires." "Luxury," he adds, "according to the universal experience of those who have had it, has no connection whatever with happiness." "Happiness as it is dreamed of cannot possibly exist save for short periods of self-deception which are followed by terrible periods of reaction. Real practicable happiness is due primarily not to any kind of environment, but to an inward state of mind. Real happiness consists, first, in an acceptance of the fact that discontent is a condition of life, and, secondly, in an honest endeavor to adjust conduct to an ideal."

It must infuriate an advocate of moral revolution and loose fluent sensuality, like Mr. Wells, to hear Mr. Bennett, bracketed with him as a leader of the new school, asserting that "the great principles, spiritual and moral, remain intact." It must perplex an apologist for moral anarchy and strident self-assertion like Mr. Dreiser to find a fellow-realist declaring that "after all the shattering discoveries of science and conclusions of philosophy, mankind has still to live with dignity amid hostile nature," and that mankind can succeed in this tremendous feat only "by the exercise of faith and of that mutual good-will which is based on sincerity and charity." But what must distress them both beyond measure is this able craftsman's exposition of the relation of moral conventions to artistic form. "What form is in art, conventions are in life. . . . No art that is not planned in form is worth consideration, and no life that is not planned in conventions can ever be satisfactory. . . . The full beauty of an activity is never brought out until it is subjected to discipline and strict ordering and nice balancing. A life without petty artificiality would be the life of a tiger in the forest. . . . Laws and rules, forms and ceremonies, are good in themselves, from a merely æsthetic point of view, apart from their social value and necessity."

These are the ideas of a man who has taken his stand against Mr. Wells's Utopia on the one hand and against Mr. Dreiser's jungle on the other. As old as civilized society, they have the conservative complexion of all traditional and enduring things. They are not worth discussing if they are not challenged. Like fire and water, they do not appear vital till they are denied. Ordinarily a novelist has not needed consciously to concern himself with them, unless he has intended to trample them under foot. But in the face of the present naturalistic invasion, when humanistic ideas are in the trenches, fighting for existence, a novelist who paints men in preference to tigers, supermen, or scientific angels, has interestingly taken sides.

III.

The general theme of Mr. Bennett's masterpieces, determined by the central interest of his philosophy, is the development of character in relation to a society which is also developing. He has no foolishly simple mechanical formula for expressing the nature of the relation between the individual and the social process. He has rather a sense that this relationship involves an interplay of forces of fascinating and inexplicable complexity.

His sense of the marvellous intricacy of his theme explains his elaborate presentation of the community life in which his principal figures have their being. He is bent upon bringing before the eye of the reader every scrap of evidence that may be conceived of as relevant to the "case." The reader who believes that character is determined mainly by inherited physiological traits finds in the Five Towns novels a physiological account of three successive generations. The reader who holds that education is the significant factor is abundantly supplied with the educational history of father and children and grandchildren. The reader who lays stress upon a changing environment and the pressure of the hour sees how from decade to decade and from year to year the hero or heroine is housed and clothed and fed and occupied and amused; and wrought upon by parents and children and relatives and friends and servants and strangers; and subjected to the influences of social customs and business and politics and religion and art and books and newspapers transmitting to the thick local atmosphere the pressure of the world outside. The reader who looks for the main currents of the nineteenth century in the Five Towns discovers the Clayhanger family and their neighbors developing in relation to the democratic movement, the industrial revolution, the decay of dogmatic theology, the extension of scientific thought and

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invention, the organization of labor, and the diffusion of æsthetic consciousness. One's first impression before this spectacle is of admiration at the unrelenting artistic energy which keeps this presented community life whole and steady yet perceptibly in motion through a long span of time.

One's second impression is of admiration at the force of composition which keeps the principal figures from being "swamped" in the life of the community. They are immersed in it and dyed in it and warped and battered and grooved by it; yet they are never made to appear as its impotent creatures; somehow they are made to emerge above their "environment" as its creators and preservers—its plain, grim, but enduring heroes. The secret of this "somehow" is that Mr. Bennett implicitly recognizes as an artist what he explicitly declares as a popular philosopher, namely, the existence in the individual of something deeper than the body, deeper than the mind—an ultimately responsible, independent, spiritual self, with the power to control, in some measure, its circumstances. In his preface to "The Old Wives' Tale" he tells us that the originating impulse of that work was a conviction that a "heart-rending novel" might be written to express "the extreme pathos in the fact that every stout, ageing woman was once a young girl with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind." The theme as he states it is only the threadbare platitude of Cavalier poetry—the deciduousness of physical beauty; and its pathos is only skin deep. But the theme as he develops it is the spiritual truth sung by the Puritan—"only a sweet and virtuous soul, like seasoned timber, never gives"; and its pathos is indeed heart-rending. Constance and Sophia, the two heroines of "The Old Wives' Tale," appeal to tragic compassion not because they were young and fair and have grown old and grotesque, but because they hungered for love and life yet have quietly and proudly starved in their respectability rather than touch a morsel of forbidden food. After a considerable course of reading in the "temperamental" novels of the naturalistic school, one begins to feel that the resisting power of formed character has vanished from the earth. I shall not soon forget the sigh of relief that I uttered when I came upon a certain passage in the story of Sophia's resistance to the various invitations of Parisian sensuality. The poor girl in her loneliness craving for sympathy and affection finds her physical and mental self responding involuntarily to the ardent wooing of the kindly Chirac. "'My dear friend,' he urges with undaunted confidence, 'you must know that I love you.' She shook her head impatiently, *all the time wondering what it was that prevented her from slipping into his arms.*" She does not slip into his arms; and one rejoices—not because one's moral sense is gratified, but simply because one is pleased to find occasionally a novelist who recognizes an inhibited impulse, in the sexual connection, as among the interesting "facts of life." Though the self of a person with the power of inhibiting impulses may have no definite circumference, it has a defined centre, about which the framework of character may be built. Mr. Bennett portrays persons with various powers of inhibition, but his heroes have, or achieve, character. The interest of his story centres in the deliberate acts of rational beings, who are conscious, like Hilda Lessways, of their miraculous power to "create all their future by a single gesture"; and so the rich mass of his observations becomes a coherent illustration of human responsibility.

The Clayhanger trilogy, triumphantly completed by the publication of "These Twain," expresses with the moving force of dramatic representation the ideas more simply exposed in "The Plain Man and His Wife." The first volume has for its theme the development of the character of Edwin Clayhanger from the eager formlessness of his boyhood to the steadiness, honesty, application, efficiency, solidity, tolerance, justice, and self-control of his manhood. The theme of the second volume is the development of the character of Hilda Lessways from the innocent, ignorant rebelliousness and rapturousness of girlhood, through a brief ill-advised matrimonial adventure, to the vibrant, hopeful, open-eyed egoism and rather grim determination of early womanhood. The theme of the third volume is the further development of this "dynamic" and that "static" character through the difficult and at times almost baffling process of adapting themselves to living together as man and wife. Taken together, the three novels constitute an impressive criticism of Mr. Wells's theory of the life of sustained ecstasy and, if you please, of Mr. Dreiser's theory of the life of ruthless animality.

It is clear that Mr. Bennett has attempted to present in the completed trilogy an adequate account of the fiery conflict, with typical antagonists, of the Eternal-Feminine with the Eternal-Masculine. If you are a man, you will writhe, or you ought to writhe, at the exposure in Edwin of your own obstinate conviction that you think straight and that your wife does not, and at the exposure of your hot fits of indignation at her shifty evasions of your flawless argument. If you are a woman, you will blush, or you ought to blush, at the exposure in Hilda of your own illogicality and your willingness to gain ends—commendable no doubt—by perfectly unscrupulous means. Hilda respects and loves her husband deeply, but she is irritated by his colds, by his little set habits, by the deliberateness of his temper, and by the inarticulateness of his appreciation of her. Edwin loves his wife and feels the charm and force of her personality; but he distrusts her intellect and cannot entirely approve of her morality. He is exasperated by her interference in his business. He keenly resents the injustice in which she involves him through acts inspired by her ambition for him and by her passionate and jealous devotion to the advancement of their own family interests. She develops social aspirations in which he does not share, and a desire for a style of living which promises him increased burdens with no added satisfactions. Their common effort seems to multiply luxuries and superficial refinements without in the least sweetening or deepening or strengthening their spiritual intercourse. He tells himself in a moment of intense self-commiseration that the great complex edifice of his business, "with its dirt, noise, crudity, strain, and eternal effort," exists solely that Hilda may exist "in her elegance, her disturbing femininity, her restricted and deep affections, her irrational capriciousness, and her strange, brusque common-sense." He asks himself in poignant self-pity: "Where do I come in?" After repeated scenes of domestic tension he walks out of his house and home with hot brain and twitching nerves. He mutters to himself: "She won't alter her ways—and I sha'n't stand them." In what he takes for ultimate despair, he says to himself, "as millions of men and women have said to themselves, with awestruck calm: '*My marriage was a mistake.*'"

But as this plain, average man wanders aimlessly through the streets of the Five Towns with tumult in his breast, confronting the ruin of his private universe, he has an experience comparable in character and significance with that of Thomas Carlyle when in sultry Leith Walk he authentically took the Devil by the nose. When his brain cools and his nerves stop twitching and his formed character returns to its equilibrium, he has first a flashing intuition into a method by which he can reconcile himself to his "universe." "It was banal; it was commonplace; it was what every one knew. Yet it was the great discovery of all his career. If Hilda had not been unjust in the assertion of her own individuality, there could be no merit in yielding to her. . . . He was objecting to injustice as a child objects to rain on a holiday. Injustice was a tremendous actuality! It had to be faced and accepted. (He himself was unjust. At any rate, he intellectually conceived that he must be, though honestly he could remember no instance of injustice on his part.) To reconcile one's self to injustice was the master achievement. . . . He yielded on the canal-bridge. And in yielding, it seemed to him that he was victorious." He has found content by accepting discontent as a condition of life, and by honestly endeavoring to adapt his conduct to an ideal. In his recognition of the need of a more flexible intelligence and a stiffer backbone he embodies at once the principle of progress and the principle of conservation. He is the hero of his generation, not victorious but conquering. He cannot stand like Benham in "The Research Magnificent," and say, "I am Man. The Thought of the world." But he might stand, if he had the habit of attitudinizing, and say, "I am a man. A vertebral unit in the backbone of the nation."

One cannot plan a life in conventions without cutting out of it many wayward desires and "beautiful impulses." The young lions

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and lionesses of radicalism are forcing the question upon us whether one can plan a life in beautiful impulses and wayward desires without cutting out the plan. Mr. Bennett answers in the negative, and votes for preserving the plan. I do not undertake to speak critically of his philosophy. I only observe that it seems to support an altogether decent theory of human conduct. And this in turn underlies an artistic representation of life remarkable for its fulness, its energy, its gusto, its pathos, its play of tragic and comic lights, its dramatic clashes, its catastrophes, and its reconciliations—in short, for its adequacy. I fear that my reasoning will not make much impression upon the young, for the young, as Mr. Randolph Bourne tells us, are in love with life; and to accept conventions is to reject life. The young will still turn to Mr. Wells, "for he," says one Rebecca West, of London—penning for the *New Republic* perhaps the most delicious sentence in modern criticism—"for he has inspired the young to demand clear thinking and intellectual passion from the governing classes, instead of the sexual regularity which was their one virtue and which, he has hinted, is merely part of a general slothfulness and disinclination for adventure." As I sadly take my obscure place in the rear of the "cretinous butlers" who "do not like Mr. Wells," I summon my Christian charity to declare that much shall be forgiven a champion of Mr. Wells, whose critical arrows go singing, like this sentence of Rebecca West's, straight to the heart of laughter.

Notes from the Capital

JOSEPH G. CANNON.

The other evening some one, alluding to the personal appearance of Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, compared him to the prophet Ezekiel. Up sprang Cannon, who was within hearing. "You're wrong," he exclaimed, swinging his long left arm around his head in one of his flail-like gestures. "Ezekiel was driven into exile and stayed there; but I've come back!" It is doubtful whether a half-dozen men in all Washington, including the clergy, could have been so quick to detect the weak spot in the parallel; but it is one of Cannon's great points as an orator that you cannot find a Scripture story which he doesn't know by heart. He has sometimes said that the only books he ever saw as a boy, outside of his common-school textbooks, were the Bible and Josephus.

The arm-swinging was quite as characteristic. Cannon formed the habit when he first became a public orator, and he is helpless without it. Once, in a debate, while Carlisle was Speaker, he tried to beg a few minutes' time from the late "Sunset" Cox, who happened to have the floor.

"If the gentleman from Illinois will put his hands in his pockets," said Cox, "I will yield the floor to him for as long a time as he will keep them there."

Into his side-pockets dived Cannon's hands at once; but before he had finished three sentences out they came again, and went whirling around his head. Down came the Speaker's gavel: "The gentleman's time has expired!" And Cannon dropped into his seat amid the roars of the House.

Cannon has now been a national figure for forty-three years, having received his first election to Congress in 1872. From the day he entered the Capitol he has been a power there. In 1890 he was defeated for reëlection, just as were McKinley and other advocates of the High Tariff Act of the Fifty-first Congress; but, after trying some one else for a single term, his constituents were glad to send him back to his old place. The same thing has happened this time. There have been revolts against his authority as Speaker, and columns of newspaper space have been royally expended in showing what a bad man he is, and yet it does not seem possible to make most people believe it for long. The truth undoubtedly is that, while no one can deny that Cannon has serious faults, he has also some compensating qualities which come into strong accentuation when his enemies overdo their censure of him. The professional labor element discovered this when they attempted to browbeat him into making over his committees so as to let in men whom they wanted in places which he had selected for others. They were reminded of it once more when they ran a candidate against him in his home district. The insurgents discovered it when they threatened to drive him out of the Speaker's chair in mid-session. The Senators learned it when they opposed his effort to give the House its rightful share in legislation, because it meant a shortage in the "pork-barrel," at which they had been helping themselves without stint for so many years.

Cannon is not an elegant man. His ever-present tip-tilted cigar is sufficient evidence of that, to say nothing of his variegated vocabulary of denunciation. When a book-agent lured him into the purchase of a set of volumes which turned out, on examination, absurdly poor stuff, he wrote out his check to the order of the publishers, but endorsed it: "This check for $150 is in full settlement, both legal and moral, for an edition of '—— ——,' which is not worth a single damn. We are never too old to learn, and the way your gentlemanly agent came it over your Uncle Joseph was well worth the money."

Next to Thomas B. Reed, no man who has ever filled the Speaker's chair has been so active in trying to reduce the waste of time in the House. Once the Invalid Pensions Committee turned in its usual crop of some hundreds of bills, most of them with favorable and unanimous reports, and the House accepted them in committee of the whole. If, in the regular session, they had been put through the usual process of reading every one by title and voting on it separately, they would have consumed an indefinite period for mere form's sake. Cannon cut the matter short by proposing that, by unanimous consent, the House vote on them in a bunch. This was done, and in hardly more time than it takes to tell the story they had gone into the record as passed. The incident scandalized the strict constructionists, but saved hours of time, which the House was able to devote to other business, and the result was precisely the same. On another occasion, after he had nearly splintered the top of his desk in trying to pound the House into good order with his gavel, he handed the book of House rules to the clerk, and had the passage about etiquette read aloud. Members who had paid no attention to the gavel suddenly "took notice" when they discovered that they were violating the solemn rules of the House, and were individually liable to punishment.

Cannon, who began life as a Quaker, and was read out of meeting because he persisted in marrying the girl of his choice, in spite of her not belonging to the same body, has lived to help bury the elders who condemned him for his non-conformity. He is about eighty years old now, and expects to live to be a hundred. He was asked once for his rules of living, and these were what he cited in response:

"Honor thy father and thy mother.

"Take no thought of the morrow; don't worry.

"Work, work, work, with hands, legs, feet, and brain.

"Learn to sing, no matter how miserably.

"Sing and laugh and be happy; and keep on, and keep a-keeping on." TATTLER.

Book Notes and Byways

NOTES ON SOME EARLY AMERICAN NOVELS.

A recent study of the development of American fiction before Cooper's "Precaution" has brought to light some facts which are not to be found in the careful records of Mr. Wegelin ("Early American Fiction," rev. ed. 1913) and Miss Loshe ("The Early American Novel," 1907), but which are yet of interest to the bibliographer of the period.

For instance, both these authorities seem to ascribe to an anonymous American author the piece issued, in 1797 at Hartford and in 1798 at Northampton, as "Cynthia, with the tragical account of the unfortunate loves of Almerin and Desdemona." As a matter of fact, the "Term Catalogues" show that this work had been published in London as early as May, 1687, as *"Cynthia;* with the Tragical account of the unfortunate Loves of *Almerin* and *Desdemona.* A Novel. Illustrated with variety of the Chances of Fortune; moraliz'd with many useful Observations drawn from thence, whereby the Reader may reap both Pleasure and Profit. Done by an English Hand." A sixth edition appeared at London in 1715; in 1740 Benjamin Franklin advertised the romance in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* as for sale at his shop (Miss E. C. Cook, "Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers 1704-1750," 1912, p. 115).

In 1804 J. Gales, printer to the State of North Carolina, issued at Raleigh a novel called "Matilda Berkely, or, Family Anecdotes; By the Author of the History of Lady Emma Melcombe and Her Family, &c." The scene is laid in England and in Russia, and the contents show no special American qualities. No search has identified the author, but in July, 1806, a "letter from a gentleman at Raleigh, N. C.," to the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review* (Vol. III, p. 356) declared that among the original works produced in North Carolina must be included "Matilda Berkley, a novel. About upon a level with the Massachusetts novel of the Coquette, or Eliza Wharton. Published by J. Gales in 1804." Writing so soon after the appearance

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of the book, the "gentleman at Raleigh" may be assumed, at least reasonably, to have known that the book was, as he seems to declare, a native production.

"Ira and Isabella: or the Natural Children. A Novel, founded in fiction. A Posthumous Work. By the late William H. Brown, of Boston," Boston, 1807, seems not to have been seen by either Miss Loshe or Mr. Wegelin. The book itself is unimportant, a tale of two lovers separated by the wrong belief that they are brother and sister, but finally united. It has some interest as being by a writer to whom the first American novel, "The Power of Sympathy," has been, not very convincingly, ascribed. But the chief interest lies in the preface, which comments on the fiction of the day. Brown confesses, ironically, that he has a poor invention, laments *"the want of* machinery *in modern novels,"* and grieves *"for the extinction of the* eastern manner," that is, the Oriental fashion which was going, he seems to think, out of vogue. "I have taken for my own use and behoof, a style peculiar to myself." He calls it *"the* COMPOSITE *style, as it partakes of the English* relation, *and the French* dialogue. *To bring about this end requires a novelty: That the character be so strongly designated that the reader may know who is the speaker, not only by the insertion of* said he *and* said she, *but,* in some small degree, *by the uniformity of the speaker's sentiments."* Modern novelists, he goes on, *"have endeavoured with bold attempt to make a* verbal *distinction of character . . . which is a difference known only by provincial accent; false English; favourite words; idiomatical barbarity; vernacular vulgarity; insipid tautaulogy; discordant technicals; disgusting prophanity; domestic prejudices, or foreign unintelligibility."* He thinks all will agree of novels "that the foundation of these elegant fabricks is laid in the passion of love. *I except the wonderful history of Robinson Crusoe."* He decides that *"to allure the untutored mind to the practice of virtue by an example which is rewarded, and to deter it from vice by the representation of its misery, are means often found adequate to win vivacity to the side of prudence, and fix sensibility in the cause of discretion. Thus far I am the friend of novels, and thus far I am a novelist."* He then draws up a "SCALE OF NOVELISTS," in which he estimates the novelists then most popular on a scale of twenty under each of seven heads. The table is worth reprinting as an indication of contemporary taste; it speaks for itself:

Authors:	Genius	Satire	Knowledge	Taste. Intellig.	Taste. Imagin.	Style	Pathos
Cervantes	19	19	17	16	18	15	13
Rabelais	15	18	17	15	13	10	7
Le Sage	14	17	12	12	14	11	6
Rousseau	16	10	13	15	15	17	16
Fenelon	16	7	15	16	14	17	14
Marmontel	14	10	11	15	15	17	16
Smollet	11	16	10	9	14	6	5
Richardson	19	11	12	16	17	17	18
Swift	18	19	17	18	18	17	14
De Foe	11	4	10	10	15	6	10
Sterne	18	15	14	14	16	17	19
Miss Burney	14	11	12	16	16	16	17
Miss Smith	13	9	12	15	15	14	9
Johnson	18	15	19	18	18	19	15
Gesner	10	6	11	15	15	16	16
Mad. Genlis	12	10	10	12	13	15	12
Dr. Dodd	11	9	12	10	13	10	13
Voltaire	18	17	18	16	18	16	13

CARL VAN DOREN.

Academic Freedom

CHANGES IN THE STATUS OF THE TEACHING BODY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA—A PLEASANT SEQUEL TO THE SCOTT NEARING CASE.

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

The dismissal of Assistant Prof. Scott Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania, which so profoundly stirred the academic world last summer, has had most important results that will certainly be as widely acclaimed as the dismissal was criticised. By a sweeping resolution unanimously adopted by the Board of Trustees at a meeting held at Philadelphia on Monday last, the status of the entire teaching body of the University has been reorganized, while assurances have been given that no teacher shall be dropped by the Board except after the case has been passed upon by a committee of nine, representing each one of the faculties, which shall sit in the case in direct personal contact with a similar committee of the trustees. Moreover, the terms of assistant professors are lengthened to three and five years, and assurances are given that no professor shall be dropped without a year's warning, while instructors holding yearly appointments shall have notice on April 1 if their appointments are to be terminated or renewed. It will be remembered that Professor Nearing's term lasted but one year, and that he was not notified of his being dropped until the end of the academic year.

The following amendments were on Monday substituted for the present sections of the statutes of the University of Pennsylvania governing the appointments, promotion, and dismissal of members of the teaching force:

(1.) There shall be four grades in the teaching staff: (1) professor, (2) assistant professor, (3) instructor, (4) assistant.

(2.) Before any reappointments or promotions of members of the teaching staff shall be made, the trustees shall request the group of instruction of which the appointee is, or is to become, a member, to make recommendation. The recommendation shall be given careful consideration by the trustees, and, if approved by the Provost and the Board of Trustees, shall be followed. In the event of the non-approval of any such recommendation, or in the event that no recommendation shall be made, the Provost and the Board of Trustees shall proceed to make such reappointments or promotions as their judgment approves. In all cases in which the Board of Trustees shall feel it to the interest of the University, they shall in like manner request the advice of the proper group of instruction in reference to original appointments. In exceptional cases, where loss to the University of the services of a man of recognized ability might follow delay in his appointment, the same may be made by the Provost and Board of Trustees without prior consultation with or recommendation of the group of instruction of which he would become a member.

(3.) A professor shall be appointed for an indefinite term.

(4.) An assistant professor shall receive a first appointment for a term of three years. Subsequent reappointments shall be for the term of five years each.

(5.) Instructors and assistants shall be appointed for a term of one year.

(6.) The foregoing appointments shall respectively cease at the expiration of the several terms mentioned, unless notice of renewal shall have been given in writing by the Provost, in case of instructors and assistants not later than the first day of April preceding the expiration of the academic year for which the appointment was made, and in the case of an assistant professor at least one academic year before the expiration of the term for which the appointment or reappointment was made. In the event of a decision by the trustees not to continue the appointment or reappointment of an assistant professor, or to remove a professor or assistant professor, as hereinafter provided in paragraph 7, leave of absence may be given to such professor or assistant professor by the trustees for one year, with full salary. All appointees are subject to the regulation covering the retiring age.

(7.) A professor or an assistant professor shall be removed by the Board of Trustees only after a conference between a committee, consisting of one representative from each of the faculties in the University (such representative being chosen by the faculty of which the representative is a member), and a committee of equal number from the Board of Trustees, at which conference the Provost shall preside, and upon a report from such conference to the Board of Trustees for consideration and action by them.

(8.) Resolved, That the Provost be, and he is hereby, requested to communicate the foregoing amendment to the statutes to all members of the teaching staff.

While it is too much to say, as does one enthusiastic trustee of the University, that this establishes academic freedom throughout the entire American college world, it does mean a remarkable advance which will powerfully affect not only the University of Pennsylvania, but all our colleges and universities, for it establishes, by the voluntary act of the trustees of one of our foremost universities, the principle that the teaching force has a right to be heard in case of the dismissal of one of its members. Certainly it will be much more difficult hereafter for any reactionary or corporation-controlled Board, or one that is merely mistaken, to strike a blow at academic freedom. Thus, out of the evil of Professor Nearing's dismissal has come much good, with more to follow. Although this does not restore him to his position (he has profited enormously in prestige, being in great demand as a lecturer, besides having obtained an excellent position in Toledo), it does virtually render impossible a repetition of the mistakes committed by the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania; a man must needs be but a poor servant of academic ideals if he would not gladly be a martyr in such fashion, and thereby advance the cause.

More than that, it is to be assumed that hereafter there will be closer consultation between the appointing power and the pro-

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fessors of a given department as to original appointments. If it is true that the worst evil confronting our universities is not the improper removal of competent teachers, but the inability to remove the many teachers who, as Professor MacDonald put it in the *Nation* recently, are "neither sound scholars nor respectable teachers," greater care in the selection of men is certainly a prerequisite to a better state of affairs, and there is now indubitable evidence that the trustees of Pennsylvania propose to exercise great care in that respect hereafter. This will promptly prove or disprove their willingness to give the opportunity to instruct students to men who do not take the accepted view of social conditions and will test their assertion, which I, for one, after a careful study of the Scott Nearing case on the spot, am ready to accept, that the motive of a *majority* of the Board was not to discipline Professor Nearing for tilting at the social order, but to drop him for vagaries of speech—in either case, it was a mistake in the manner of its coming to pass.

As for the change in tenure of office that has now been safeguarded in the University of Pennsylvania, the Board has now frankly admitted its fault in the Nearing case by providing that notice of discharge shall go to the person dropped, not on June 15, but on April 1, while assistant professors shall have a whole year's notice. If, therefore, the University of Pennsylvania should hereafter be able to pay its teachers adequately, it would seem as if the American Association of University Professors would have little to ask of this University, for the bugbear of Presidential usurpation is not menacing at Pennsylvania, whose Board of Trustees, through its committees and as a whole, exercises executive supervision to a remarkable degree—as trustees go.

But the reforms planned by the Pennsylvania Board of Trustees are not going to stop there. It is understood that a far-reaching change in the method of selecting trustees is also under consideration, and will probably be acted upon at an early date. Up to this time, as required by the charter, the Board has made all appointments for life, or until voluntary retirement, and it has been the custom of the Board to ask the directors of the General Alumni Society for nominations to fill a vacancy, they having received the right to offer four names from which one was chosen by the Board. If, however, none of them was acceptable to the trustees, four other names could then be proposed by the General Alumni Society, and so on until the vacancy was filled. The objection to this system was that the alumni could not obtain the election to the Board of Trustees of an alumnus not acceptable to the Board, but acceptable to the alumni. It was asserted that this had the appearance of doing something to gratify the alumni, "while preserving intact the self-perpetuating power of the Board of Trustees." And the General Alumni Society was itself criticised, partly because it was a comparatively small body, and partly because it was said to be too much under the influence of the Board of Trustees, its officers being too much from the same social group. It is now proposed, and the matter is under discussion by a committee of the Board of Trustees, to change the relationship of the alumni to the Board, somewhat along the following lines:

On the occasion of every vacancy hereafter among the twenty-four members composing the Board, the trustees shall advise the Board of Managers of the General Alumni Society, or any other agency of the alumni which may be created, and shall invite this agency to submit not less than six names of persons, preferably alumni, from whom three persons shall be chosen by the Board of Trustees as candidates. Instead of stopping here as in the past, and picking a nomination made purely by the Board of Managers of the General Alumni Society without any vote being taken thereon, the alumni will now be asked to vote upon the three candidates by written ballot, to be mailed to the Alumni Society. The Board of Trustees shall then, if the plan goes through as indicated, elect to membership the candidate who shall receive the highest number of votes, provided that at least one thousand votes shall have been cast. Should this number of votes not be registered because of indifference on the part of the alumni, the Board of Trustees will reserve the right to disregard the result of the election, and in the event of a tie the trustees will also decide. It will undoubtedly be stipulated that the rights of the trustees as expressed in the charter shall in no wise be abrogated or impaired by the statute.

While this does not liberalize the election of trustees to the extent that the Harvard election of Overseers is thrown open to the alumni—which the charter would probably prevent—it is obviously a great step forward, and provides the means by which the Board can in time be varied in its membership. Most of the trustees today, in fact almost all, are Philadelphia men, but if the alumni take sufficient interest it is quite possible that men living in New York and elsewhere will find their way to the Board.

While these changes have indubitably been precipitated by the storm of criticism that burst over the heads of the trustees, it is but just to say that several of the leading spirits of the Board, notably its devoted chairman, Mr. Effingham B. Morris, have had them under consideration for some time—long before the advent of the Nearing case. They see clearly now that if they had had the approval of nine professors acting in a representative capacity for their action as to Scott Nearing, the outcry against them which they think so unjust could not have occurred. But whatever the cause, it is pleasant to record that the Board has not been deterred from doing what is right now by fear of its being alleged that it was driven into it—which makes up for a good deal of blundering of last June.

Literature

THE SECRET MEMOIRS OF AN ORIENTAL DIPLOMATIST.

The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi. Edited by A. M. Pooley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Whatever throws light upon a political transaction so fraught with world-wide import as the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of thirteen years ago, and upon the man chiefly responsible for it, deserves immediate and careful attention. It will go down to posterity associated with the name of Count Hayashi, for seven years the representative of Japan at the Court of St. James's, and the first to enjoy the rank of Ambassador. In the "Secret Memoirs" (Chap. III) he states that he arrived at a time when "England was tired of war, that in South Africa having just been concluded." But although Pretoria was occupied in June of 1900, the treaty of peace was not signed until two years thereafter; and the editor makes the necessary correction in a foot-note. The Boxer troubles in China were causing much anxiety just then, and the British Government was grateful to Japan for the prompt manner in which she dispatched troops to Peking. The whole conduct of this expedition, the behavior of the troops, the moderation shown in the diplomatic transactions which followed, were particularly creditable to the island empire, and Hayashi deservedly received much of the credit. At this period Japanese statesmen were divided into two parties: those who were pro-British and those who favored a Russian alliance. The naval men, who came mostly from the island of Kyushu, were pro-British, while Ito and the Choshu military party preferred to make friendly overtures to St. Petersburg. Hayashi, a native of Yedo (Tokyo), and son of a physician attached to the court of the Shogun, belonged to neither faction; but, as it happened, his training had been English.

He was one of fourteen youths sent to London at the very close of the Shogunate Government to receive a European education, and entered University College in the summer of 1867. Shortly afterwards, however, he, with his fellows, was hurriedly recalled, and in the revolutionary struggles which followed he drew his sword on the losing side of his old master, the Shogun. After a short imprisonment, he was released, and was soon in the way of promotion. He was attached as interpreter to the notable Iwakura mission of the year 1871, which visited the chief countries of Europe and America and reported on foreign methods of life and government; as a decade later he was to be attached to the Ito mission which gave Japan her attack of "German measles." Mr. Pooley, in his biographical sketch, fails to mention this second opportunity Hayashi enjoyed of seeing the world of politics at close quarters. The writer of this article

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remembers how carefully he summed up in conversation the various impressions made upon him in this later mission. Of all the countries they visited, Portugal struck him as the least satisfactory.

The visit to London, so summarily cut short in 1867, was not to be his last. Within a few years he was in the diplomatic service, attached to the London Embassy. The experience he received was to be of the greatest value to him in his future career. He became a thorough critic of governmental methods, with a keen sense of the honor involved in treaty keeping or breaking; restive under militarism, and an ardent believer in press publicity. To this fact we owe the publication of these "Secret Memoirs" which profoundly disgusted the Tokyo Government, as telling tales out of school. Mr. Pooley's narrative of the capture of the burked manuscript makes good reading (pp. 29-36).

In one of the valuable "Notes" inserted in the "Memoirs" (close of Chap. VII), there is a significant passage dealing with the status of Japanese Cabinets. It helps to explain the charges of bad faith brought against Hayashi, who was personally the most honorable of men, with high ideals of political morality:

> The mistake which Count Hayashi seems to have made was in thinking that, because the Saionji Cabinet was in power, it was, therefore, going to govern the country. The policies of Japan are made by the Genro (Council of Elder Statesmen) and merely executed by the Ministry for the time being. With a majority of the Genro belonging to the militarist faction, it is easy to realize the difficult position in which a Minister bent on curbing the ambitions of the army would find himself.

Ever since the revolution of 1868, which was brought about by leaders of the Satsuma and Choshu clans, Japan has been ruled by an oligarchy, known as the Sat-Cho clique, who believe in settling things by the sword. The refusal of the Japanese Government in 1876 to decide the Korean question at that time by force of arms is held to have been the controlling motive for the ill-advised Satsuma rebellion, when the heroic Saigo met his death. From the outset Hayashi was an official in the confidence of the Sat-Cho clique, but not one of them. He deplored the frequent arrogance of the army. In the chapter on Foreign Policy (p. 264), he gives expression to this dislike: "Generally speaking, soldiers who have won battles have done so by making sacrifices, even of what they value most in the world—their own lives. Naturally, they want to gain fame, they want to appropriate, as a result of victory and risk, as many privileges as possible to crown their success in arms. . . . It is easy to imagine how boastful and aggressive our soldiers were after the Russo-Japanese War. By what they did there after the war we lost not only the good-will of the Chinese, but have also won the adverse criticism of Europeans and Americans." As the editor of the "Memoirs" intimates, he would have deeply regretted the recent aggressive policy of his Government, which in the period since his lamented death has converted simmering dislike into furious hatred. It is noticeable that hatred of Japan seems now to be the prevailing topic in Chinese magazines published in this country, and it is a new development. "The principal point on which the late Cabinet was attacked," remarks the Count at page 256, "was that we had spent in Manchuria several hundred millions of *yen* [dollars] and 100,000 lives in order to win our rights and privileges in that country. We ought not, therefore, to be slack in our policy in Manchuria. We ought still to extend further the rights which we have acquired and to strengthen the foundations of our position there, but on no account are we to make China our enemy. The object of Japan ought to be to maintain the peace of the Orient and obtain Chinese goodwill and trust."

That Hayashi, as Foreign Minister in the Saionji Cabinet, started out with an honest desire to follow the policy of the "Open Door" in China and respect her independence and integrity, may be conceded; but he was compelled to drift from his moorings and to take up the other policy of "spheres of influence." It is the bitter complaint of the Chinese vernacular press that the constant reiteration on the part of Japan and other Powers that they intend to respect the independence and integrity of China is meaningless verbiage. "Whatever has been leased by the Chinese Government," remarked the *Nang Fang Pao* some years ago (p. 221), "is now almost invested with the rights of occupation, and whatever has not been leased, but is bordering on the leased territory, is in danger of being enclosed in the same." Modern militarism is, in the last issue, immoral and unscrupulous; and it is pitiable to note how a scholar and a gentleman like Hayashi, a man who under representative institutions would have been a pillar of strength and a model of consistency, saw his good name compromised and his cherished policies thwarted and nullified by pressure from a military clique. It is to his bitter disappointment and disgust that we owe the publication of the "Secret Memoirs," which in a free country like our own would have taken the form of platform speeches or invectives on the floor of Congress.

The editor, though generally sympathetic, is not always happy in the treatment of his subject. He credits the Count with an inadequate knowledge of America, where he himself may be at fault: "It is significant that the only serious error he made during his whole career was in connection with the one country he had never visited." Now, as a member of the Iwakura mission, he must have visited America in 1871; and what about the later Ito mission? Moreover, Mr. Pooley fails to show that Hayashi made any such blunder in his handling of American questions. He was hand-and-glove with Fukuzawa, editor of the *Jiji Shimpo*, the medium through which from time to time he gave anonymous publicity to his cherished opinions. This great publicist was founder of the Keio University, which for the past quarter of a century has had on its staff able American graduates, one of whom is now our Minister to Greece. Nowhere in the Japanese Empire is there a journal in fuller touch with American policy and ideals than the *Jiji Shimpo*. Mr. Pooley believes that Hayashi, when Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1907, played a fast-and-loose game with this country. Viscount Aoki was then Japanese Minister at Washington; married, by the way, to a German lady, and very German in his sympathies. "Both Aoki and Hayashi," says Mr. Pooley (p. 19), "recognized that China was the crux of the difficulty between Japan and America. Aoki realized that if the problem of China were settled, Japan would be able to maintain her credit at Washington, for the school and immigration affairs were local difficulties on which it was uncertain even that Japan was in the right. Hayashi tried to shut out America from China by raising difficulties for her nearer home. He failed to realize that the Americans are a hard-headed business race, with a strong undercurrent of sentimentality. To their remonstrances with regard to Manchuria, he retorted by raising the school question. They came back with the immigration trouble, and Hayashi found that he had slung a boomerang, which returned in double-quick time, bringing with it the whole of the credit which Japan had so carefully amassed in the States during fifty years past.

"In a few months he killed the long-established friendship between America and Japan, and in place has been substituted on the one side an openly expressed dislike and suspicion, and on the other a swelling hatred, which is only kept within manageable bounds by official repression."

This is pure moonshine. Hayashi played no such political game, nor can the anti-Japanese agitation in America be explained in this way. His disagreement with Aoki, which resulted in the recall of the latter, was of a technical nature, a breach of diplomatic etiquette, and Princes Ito and Katsura agreed with Hayashi in his disapproval. The matter may be allowed to stand as explained by Hayashi in the eighth chapter of the "Memoirs." Aoki's attempt on his own initiative to patch up an agreement with this country, which should contain no account whatever of the immigration problem, was tactless and impossible. Hayashi states (p. 251) that the three questions between Japan and America in 1908 were "the immigration question, the school question, and the problem of China." He was right in placing the immigration question first. The anti-Japanese movement in this country began in the spring of 1905 with a hot newspaper campaign in San Francisco, followed by the organization in May of that year of the Asiatic Exclusion League. It was a burning question long before the private diplomatic difference between Hayashi and Aoki, which occurred late in the year 1907.

The close of the Aoki-Hayashi quarrel is

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interesting. After his recall the Viscount is said to have succeeded in excluding his rival from the Privy Council, a seat that was his due because of his great services to the nation. The other alleged reason for his exclusion was that he had become a Free Mason during his stay in London.

Mr. Pooley is hardly a safe guide to follow in these international matters. He credits the Japanese with an "innate contempt, a burning detestation for all white men," beside which the "vicious deep-seated contempt" that exists between Chinese and Japanese sinks into a vanishing quantity. Many who know the Japanese best might be ready to reverse, and then modify, the statement. His acquaintance with the Japanese public is probably limited to the gusty and prejudiced mob of the capital, led by disgruntled *soshi*—"political bullies." Count Hayashi has a significant paragraph (Chap. VII, p. 226) on this topic:

> The public in Japan is rather cool in its interest in foreign affairs, indeed I could almost say it is indifferent. When, however, something happens that forces the public to pay some attention to foreign affairs, then at once the public seems to get intoxicated, as though drunk with alcohol, and it behaves as if it were not able to discriminate, just as an intoxicated man cannot tell the difference between *sake* (rice beer) and water.

In many respects the most interesting pages in the "Memoirs" are to be found at the close of the first chapter, where the Count tells how German diplomatic clumsiness wounded Japanese sensitiveness at its most delicate point. After the signature of the Treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895, which concluded the war between China and Japan, the Japanese were greatly surprised when Germany suddenly took common action with France and Russia in compelling Japan to surrender Port Arthur. They could understand the intervention of Russia and France, but why should Germany push in? Great Britain had refused the invitation of Russia to join in the intervention, on the ground that such an act would be contrary to the established principles of international relationship, and the reason applied quite as strongly to Germany. But not only did Germany send a separate note, in addition to the joint note of Russia and France, but she inserted therein a blunt threat of possible resort to arms. Here is the story in Hayashi's own words (p. 83):

> The same day [April 23] the German Minister [Baron von Gutschmid] called [at the Foreign Office, where Hayashi was Acting Minister], but later in the afternoon. In spite of a sufficient knowledge of English and French, the German Minister apparently thought it an indignity to draft a memorandum in either of these languages, and in consequence of my inability to understand German, brought me a memorandum written in *romaji* [Japanese written in Roman letters, according to the Japanese phonetics], and caused his secretary, Herr Weipert, to read it out. Now the secretary was extremely well acquainted with the ordinary Japanese script, and was vexed at having to read out an unfamiliar transcript of the original text, which had been composed from Chinese ideographs. It was quite clear that neither the secretary nor the Minister understood a single word of what the former was reading, while I, though paying the deepest attention, was barely able to catch the meaning of the memorandum.
>
> The memorandum which had been left by the French and Russian Ministers was practically a brief sentence advising the retrocession of the territory acquired by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, and giving as a reason for the advice friendship for the neighboring country. The German memorandum, on the other hand, said there was no possibility of Japan being able to hope for a victory in fighting Russia, Germany, and France, and therefore it would be beneficial for Japan if the advice tendered by the three Powers should be accepted.
>
> Standing at the table opposite to the German Minister, I said, "Your Excellency's colleagues, the Ministers of Russia and France, have been here and have given friendly advice for the purpose of maintaining peace, and in doing so they have used a friendly terminology. But your Excellency's memorandum is phrased as if it were the proposal to solve the question by force of arms. If you mean this, then the dignity of the state, as well as the feeling of the nation, must be considered, let alone the words in which the memorandum is couched. It seems as if the memorandum has been couched in the Japanese language, with which you are unfamiliar, and consequently errors have been made in the use of words."
>
> The German Minister, in the most awkward manner, said that the views expressed by me as being in the memorandum were not so meant, and if such views occurred in it, it was due to errors in the wording of the memorandum in Japanese. He promised to cancel the memorandum and asked me to regard the German memorandum as being identical with those of the Russian and French Ministers.

Some of the German papers at the time, remarks Mr. Pooley (p. 54), were curiously prophetic in their expressions of disgust at their Government's policy. "In a struggle with France and Russia," said the *Neueste Nachrichten*, of Berlin, "Japan would be a very useful ally, and her forces are strong enough to distract from her western frontier a good portion of the Russian armies. At the end of the affair we seriously fear that Germany will pay bitterly for her action, for the Japanese will eventually seek their revenge."

While giving Hayashi credit for the bringing about of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1902, and its renewal on a broader basis in 1905, "the crown of Hayashi's career," Mr. Pooley regrets that it was ever signed. "I shall be very much surprised," he declares towards the close of his Introduction, "if within a few years England does not realize that her money and her support have raised up against us in the Far East a Power as powerful and as dangerous as Germany has become, and one infinitely more difficult to handle, on account of her geographical position."

It is a pity that the book lacks an alphabetical index. The editor's English is at times somewhat slovenly; for instance, at page 28, where he complains that "for many years the British and American press have been so slovenly represented in Tokio, and indeed is so to-day." Not so with the "Memoirs," for Hayashi prided himself on his English, and is author of an excellently written novel ("For His People"; Harper, 1903), a faithful picture of pre-Restoration times in Japan. There occur a few blunders in the Introduction. "Masumae" (p. 6) should be *Matsumae*, Kido was never "Marquis" (p. 8), and Hayashi was Secretary, not of "the Industrial Bureau" (p. 9), but of the great Department of Public Works (Kôbusho), abolished in 1886.

CURRENT FICTION.

Moyle Church-Town. By John Trevena. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The gloomily romantic John Trevena of Dartmoor's present here becomes the light-hearted and fairly light-footed adventurer in the romance of her past. The scene is laid in the early eighteenth century. England is beginning to drink tea (when she can afford it) and has not forgotten her fear of witches. The official villain, one of those grinding country lawyers, tyrants, and extortioners who have played such a part in rural fiction, is abjectly superstitious, and much of the action turns upon this weakness. Among many other victims of Grambla's greed and trickiness has been Squire Clabar of Moyle, who has died ruined and broken-hearted, and whose son has become Grambla's drudge. Against this son, as the story opens, Grambla turns; discharges him from his employ, and turns him out of his cottage. At this moment, however, returns to Moyle Church-Town, after long absence as a sailor and wanderer, Clabar's supposed son Peter, who is really his daughter Cherry. A baronet in the neighborhood to befriend the father, and two baronet's sons to become involved with the disguised daughter, give us abundant and well-seasoned materials for romantic comedy. Cherry, like Rosalind and others too numerous for mention, has roamed the world without harm in her man's garb. She is able to appear either as a strong fellow with a gruff voice or, in the twinkling of an eye, even without shift of raiment, all that is fair and feminine. By taking the trouble to squint a bit, the reader may easily give the old sieve-like convention the air of holding water once more. Having accomplished this feat, he may well enjoy a tale told with far more skill and gusto than are common to its kind. The baronet designs Cherry's hand (she is something of an heiress, and he knows the secret of her birth) for his eldest son; but it is the younger who has won her heart, and, after due mystifications, she surprises him with her hand. The villain gets his deserts, as all villains must, and Cherry's father (the exiled duke in effect) comes into his own once more. All this has been done, but who shall say that it does not deserve to be done again and yet again, so long as a story-

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teller may be found who can bring a fresh and willing hand to the business?

In Mr. Knox's Country. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

We suppose that Miss Somerville and Miss Ross, the two ladies who write of Ireland with so robust humor and so virile pens, are regarded as quite *déclassées* by those of the modern Irish school, who, without Synge's genius, ape Synge's melancholy. It is quite possible that we should be told, if indeed we have not been told already, that these most entertaining ladies who belong properly to the tradition of Lover and Lever are false to the ideals of Ireland and misrepresent the Irish people to make a Saxon holiday. Well, if indeed we shall be thus exhorted, we shall be able to bear it with philosophy, and so, we imagine, will Miss Somerville and Miss Ross. And we shall continue in our phlegmatic Saxon way to hold it as an article of faith that the colors used by these ladies are not less true of Ireland than the sombre tints of Synge's imitators. After all, it doesn't rain every day, even in Ireland.

In the present volume we renew acquaintance with many delightful friends, and chief among them Mr. Flurry Knox, master of hounds, and that shrewd old tartar, his grandmother. We cannot discover the faintest sign of any exhaustion of the fecund imagination that has produced so many stories dealing with the adventures of Major Yeates, R.M., and his neighbors. Indeed, the humor, if anything, seems to romp more riotously through this series of sketches than through its predecessors. "The Comte de Pralines" is an example of the authors' work at its best. The description of the famous run, in which the spurious "Count," Miss McRory, Major Yeates, and a couple of jackasses, enticed to the chase by misguided enthusiasm for the Major's hunter, were the only participants, is one that will be appreciated by any one who has ridden to hounds anywhere: the introduction of the jackasses is a stroke of humor that amounts to genius. The illustrations, for which Miss Somerville is responsible, are, as usual, excellent.

H. R. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper & Bros.

In his inscription the author, after a fashion now in favor, takes the bread out of the mouths of "the critics" by foreseeing that they will presently "point out how completely he has failed to write a Satirical Romance of To-day." Just why the critics are likely to make such a slip is suggested by a passage in the context: "To irritate a reader by compelling him to think in order to understand was, you told me, both unfair and unwise." And if a reader, how much more a critic! However, a reviewer must say something, if it is only what the author expects of him. The truth is, we have no one in America just now who can do the kind of thing Mr. Lefevre attempts. Several Englishmen can do it, and have done it, notably Mr. Bennett in "Hugo" and "Denry the Audacious," and Mr. Wells in "Mr. Polly" and elsewhere. The daring male who breaks loose from convention and timidity and sweeps all before him is a favorite pivot for satirical fantasy. But he must break loose, not be propelled from behind. H. R. is a bank clerk who suddenly receives word from Mr. Lefevre that he is to demonstrate a rebel and a genius. Therefore he beards and browbeats the president of the bank, insults his daughter, and sallies forth to conquer New York. This, by the free play of an effrontery and egotism which, we gather, are upon a scale hitherto unknown in the metropolis, he proceeds to do. The means are such as come to his hand—anything might have served as a fulcrum for this colossal will. As it chances, he collides with a sandwich-man on the street, and gets his idea. Around the sandwich-man he builds a new system of advertising, makes a fortune, wins the banker's daughter, and is understood to be on his way to the White House, or thereabouts. The success of such a book depends upon its spontaneity and easy force. Mr. Lefevre has labored the business. His primary error, for this kind of thing, is an error of which Mr. Bennett or Mr. Wells is incapable—his sprinkling the pages with detached epigrams and clevernesses which irritate the reader without compelling him to think. And they irritate him especially because in the main they are not flashes of true satirical wit, but cheap cynicisms.

The Green Half Moon. By James Francis Dwyer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Judged by the standard Balzac set himself when he wrote the "Comédie Humaine," "The Green Half Moon" has little chance of immortality. "Listening to these people," he said of the creatures of his imagination, "I could espouse their lives, I felt their rags on my back, I walked with my feet in their tattered shoes; their desires, their wants, everything, passed into my soul and my soul passed into theirs; it was the dream of a waking man." "The Green Moon," on the contrary, is a pleasant bit of fiction made out of cardboard, and the people in it sprung into life, not in a garret, where are born "the dreams of a waking man," but in a snug library, where the puppet, pulled with a string, is but too apt to step within the covers of a novel.

A particularly good American man, young and handsome, meets a perfectly beautiful American girl as both are steaming out of Bombay on a fast steamer bound for Arden. They love at first sight; but love is not all beer and skittles for the stricken. Miss Alice Harrington, of Troy, New York, is the companion of Lady Hope Stanger, and to Lady Hope Stanger the British Government, just entered into war with Germany, has confided a most important task which has to do with a mysterious jewel. Mr. Dwyer excites suspicions that he can do better than he has taken the pains to do by the way he hides this jewel. For some really exciting pages we do not know, as the hero does not know, what is contained in a package that Alice, with small feminine insight, has confided to him. Good, pure men are proverbially maladroit, and John Sheridan Warren among simpletons is the chief. He gets the jewel, loses it, gets it again, and loses it, till the reader, out of patience, hopes with all his heart that wicked Zunel, the incendiary Mohammedan, may find it and tuck it away under his green turban. None of the adventures recorded in this book ever took place, but Mr. Dwyer has a certain gift in story-telling. He has the art of putting in details which puzzle the judgment and almost persuade.

The Twisted Skein. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Some day somebody will write a story about college life in which the hero is not working his way through Yale by tending furnaces and waiting on table, is not one of the brightest students in the junior class, is not looked upon as a "grind" and accordingly snubbed by his classmates who own automobiles, is not the idol of the elderly maiden ladies with whom he boards, does not get into all sorts of misunderstandings and more trouble because he is constitutionally unable to "tell" on some athlete whom the campus adores (despite a pronounced yellow streak), and does not finally square himself with the whole college, not forgetting the crew coach and his charming young daughter, by "making" the 'varsity crew overnight and pulling it—single-handed, of course—to victory over Harvard in the last pulse-quickening chapter. But that day seems a long way off. Consequently, one finds Karl Truman, the hero of Ralph D. Paine's latest book of undergraduate life, performing in accordance with all the best principles that have guided generations of college heroes to glory on the printed page.

Karl is altogether too good and too hard-working to be more than a nonentity at Yale until he comes to New York as captain of the chess team and defeats Princeton, Harvard, and Columbia. An elderly stranger who has wasted his life making money and accumulating a successful business man's grouch sees the chess champion perform, becomes interested, and determines to "invest" in him. And so, when the captain of the chess team returns to New Haven, it is with a handsome allowance which enables him to blossom out in modish clothes, live in a high-priced dormitory, mingle as an equal with the other students, try for the crew, and enjoy all the things from which his former poverty barred him. But, of course, there are serious complications. He is not suspected of locking a cow in the chapel, but another equally villanous freshman prank is charged up against him; he is arrested, and his backer goes back on him. When all seems lost, save "Yale spirit," the hero brings that useful commodity into play, and, by the time Harvard's colors are lowered on the Thames, there is very little for the other characters to

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do but offer apologies and make an enormous fuss over the great No. 7 who won the race for Yale when the stroke-oar failed.

His German Wife. By Douglas Sladen. New York: Brentano's.

The imperturbable tolerance which this English writer affects makes curious reading in time of war. We have no quarrel, he seems to insist, with Germans as Germans, certainly not with any really nice, well-bred Germans, who are after all pretty much like ourselves, only better educated and more conscientious and energetic and habitually efficient in every way. As for the English themselves, page after page of well-considered criticism falls from the lips of the fair, impecunious Baroness Ernestine Frederika Kunigunde Lysnar von Adlerstein, who is modestly sampling insular life as Mrs. Isherwood's lady companion. Again and again to the flower of British youth, in the person of Capt. Renny Isherwood, his unemployed physical magnificence, his superfluous magnanimity, and his general futility, are pointedly brought home by the candid young Baroness. She decides to marry Renny, however, takes him home for a German honeymoon, and, after participating in the English exodus following the declaration of war, manages to have a taste of army-post life in both countries. None of the episodes are of great interest in themselves, the story's real intention being the comparison of German and English types and standards. This is competently and perhaps too chivalrously done—one touch of real malice would have improved the tale immeasurably.

The Obsession of Victoria Gracen. By Grace Livingston Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

"The Obsession of Victoria Gracen" has popular qualities and those guaranteed to please its audience. The first few pages are well written, with a faithfulness to reality that is not stereotyped. A funeral party, excited with the morning's happenings and pumped up to a high level of vulgar interest in the recent death and its grewsome details, sits down at a full meal to discuss the future of the orphaned boy who is to live under the roof. Richard is hard, resentful, unattractive, and he bitterly resents the criticisms, frankly uttered in his presence, upon his dead father and mother. That night, out of the blue, comes a message, inviting him to live with a maiden aunt, his father's sister, a woman of wealth and breeding, alienated from Richard's father by the latter's marriage. After this, the literary merits of the book are nil, for the author, like other people, does not thrive in prosperity. But although from a certain standpoint this book is poor reading, it is spectacular, sentimental, and pietistic, and therefore sure to please the thousands to whom the Elsie Books fell as manna from heaven. Cleverness in the management of petty incidents is an asset of which the author makes good use.

COURAGE AND CANT.

Greek Genius and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Chapman is nothing if not courageous. He is so courageous that he is willing, out of confidence in an active and original mind, to write without thinking; with the result that he sometimes says very good things, and sometimes says things which are not good at all. The latest example of his courage is this book of essays, wherein he passes from criticism of Euripides to lack of criticism on Shakespeare and Balzac with the amazing versatility of a plunging horse that has broken from the traces. We are writing in a feeble effort to imitate Mr. Chapman's own breezy manner, and our words may sound a trifle presumptuous, but, as a matter of fact, there is one section of the book so sound in judgment and so timely in point that we are almost ready to forgive the author his glowing indiscretions in other chapters. We refer to Mr. Chapman's diatribe on Sir Gilbert Murray, and we think the rebuke therein administered, though it might perhaps be better if spoken in the language of one gentleman to another, is deserved. Every one in these days has been reading Murray's translations of Euripides and hearing them on the stage; every one admits the brilliancy of these productions, and every competent judge knows that he stands very high as a scholar. But Murray has admittedly used a free hand with his author, and the layman frequently asks just how free he has been and how far this freedom is justified. Now, Mr. Chapman shows by sufficient illustration that Murray not only expands his author in a way and to a degree that are at least surprising, but transfuses into his version a tone of neo-British religiosity and æstheticism that, unfortunately, are not surprising to those familiar with certain tendencies of modern Oxford scholarship. And we think that Mr. Chapman is entirely justified in meting out this severe language to what is really a systematic perversion of the Greek genius:

> The structural nature of a Greek drama is known to every one, and is perfectly well known to Mr. Gilbert Murray; but the fumes from his tripod cover his brain as he writes his translations, and these fumes pervade the introductions and the notes to the poems. The merit of the verse itself is due to this very envelope of steaming inspiration and poetic sentiment. But the waking Murray ought really to join in warning the public against the hymning, dreamy, irresponsible Murray, the poet Murray, who is spreading grotesque ideas about Euripides beneath every shaded lamp in the Anglo-Saxon world.

We know that certain scholarly and honest persons excuse these aberrations on the part of the brilliant Oxford professor on the ground that he is making Greek a live subject to thousands whom it would otherwise never reach at all. The plea is specious, but we are afraid of it; we distrust dishonesty even from Greek professors *dona ferentes.* Another man might be indulged in his ambition to rewrite into modern moods a classical poet, but when the highest authority of the greatest of English universities spreads false notions about his subject, the question of veracity takes another color. He stands as the apostle of Greek; and if Greek has any value for the modern world, it is because the supreme Greek poets presented life in a manner the very opposite of the religiosity and sentimentalism which Sir Gilbert Murray is pouring out of Oxford.

Mr. Chapman can scarcely be reckoned a scholar; he is a David beside the Goliath he attacks; but he has hurled his pebbles well. He might even have gone further, and found in Murray's importation of very recent humanitarian ideas into the origins of Greek epic something of the same betrayal of a great trust. Sir Gilbert has published a manly recantation of the pacifist opinions he held in politics before the present war. We wonder whether it has occurred to him that the sentimentalism of his scholarship is of the same character, and indeed not free from the same perils.

Mr. Chapman, we have said, is courageous; would that he was always wise. "We should read Shakespeare for pleasure, and only for pleasure," he says. "The plays were meant to be gay trifles, the perfume and the suppliance of a minute." Alas, has Sir Gilbert Murray ever written anything as false in regard to Euripides as is this grotesquely exaggerated half-truth about Shakespeare? Mr. Chapman stumbles on an occasional bit of shrewd criticism in the later essays in his volume, but on the whole his tone and manner are lamentable. His contempt for all other critics but himself is not pretty. He writes in a spirit of hysterical exasperation against the "pundits" who have seriously studied an author, and against "the whole cant of criticism." His system is revealed in the command that "we should use no method in dealing with Balzac, but should approach him through accident and chaotically." Will Mr. Chapman understand us when we intimate that his attitude in these essays is about as sad a piece of cant as has come to us in many a long day? It is a pity.

SCIENCE AND SOCIOLOGY.

Introduction to the Study of Sociology. By Edward Cary Hayes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

It is just as well to realize that, in the recent past, the opinion of the genuine scientist on most sociological works has been adverse; and that a gathering weight of disapproval has given sociology a bad name—has, in fact, distinctly put it on the defensive. What has it done to deserve the name of a science? Every new book on sociology, especially every general treatise, must meet this skeptical attitude; an attitude which is entirely justified.

What is it that has created this distrust of sociology, since Spencer? It seems fair to use that last qualifying phrase, for the great contemporaries of Spencer certainly

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did not feel towards his work as later scientists have felt towards that of his successors. Sociology teems with wearisome commonplaces, says one critic; it is full of wild theory and guesswork, objects another. It is emotional; full of snap judgments; not objective; cannot define its terms; misinterprets its evidence, when it offers any; is sensational; stresses the obvious; goes in for therapeutics in advance of heuristics; is approached from selected points of view; is metaphysical, juggling concepts and theories and ignoring facts; has a propensity for petty or large-scale thievery from the legitimate sciences; is, withal, feebly aspiring, pretending to be the "science of sciences" (like philosophy), though it demands little real training in its votaries, has no rigor of method, and doesn't get anywhere. It is so new and raw, commented one scientist, that any crank can fasten on it from any angle. Worse things than these have been said of it.

The book under review is not likely to better this reputation of sociology among scientists. The treatment spreads, often very thinly, over wide and lonely ranges. But no panorama or perspective emerges; no new "world view," which the author, in his introduction, says we need. Part I, on the "Causes which Affect the Life of Society," begins auspiciously with the geographical controls, and lists a number of the most obvious of them. But there is no adequate clarification of the relative importance and limitations of this set of causes. Then we proceed to the technic controls, and enter upon a consideration of a set of topics beginning with rural and urban conditions. Here the treatment periodically deserts the strictly scientific field to exercise the therapeutic function. Moral judgments abound. "Sociology cannot be non-ethical without being unscientific. Private property has been sacred, but general welfare has not. This must be reversed." (Come, let us make objects fall upward!) Opinions here are commendable, but tentative. "The talk about 'busting the trusts,' of which so much has been heard, is probably folly." There are also a number of things we "ought" to do: "Society should conspire to cheer old age by its manners and its spirit of kindness and deference." "There ought to be government employment agencies with announcement of openings displayed in every post office."

It is elsewhere remarked that "the evil of unemployment of the employable is likely to be great when times are hard, building operations suspended, and factories closed or running half time." The directors of labor should note, however, that "it is good economy for private employers to push on repairs and extensions in slack times." Then, we take it, they will be all ready for the good times, if they come; and if they do not come, at least labor will have been employed and paid for. In any case, "there ought to be abundant and free opportunity for unmarried women to secure adequate profitable employment." And we should also note that certain of our casual practices are a "shame" to us. In regard to vagrants, for example, the proper treatment "often requires communication, perhaps by telephone, with the cities from which they profess to come, or to which they say they wish to go. To some of these men it is possible to give important help, and to these it would have been a shame to give merely a 'hand-out' at the door."

Psychophysical causes also affect the life of society, and so do social causes. Eugenics comes in here. "There is no reason why eugenic fitness may not be included in love's ideal." Again, laboring through the issues of immigration, we are advised that "the spirit that expresses itself in the epithets 'Sheeny,' 'Dago,' 'Hunky,' and 'Mick' is not the one that promises fulfilment of the best possibilities of Americanism." A solemn warning! Let us get together and pass a little resolution against naughty human nature. We do not quote all this to amuse ourselves, or any one else. We do it with deep regret. But is this sort of thing science or is it a sermon?

After we have learned about these various causes that affect the life of society, "we have now provided ourselves with the clues that must be used in explaining social realities, and it is time for us to fix attention upon those realities themselves which we wish to explain." So we proceed to consider the Nature and Analysis of the Life of Society, Social Evolution, and Social Control. Taken by itself, there is a good deal that is of value in this latter part of the book. The Examples of Social Evolution are well put together. Apparently, the author would like to go back on the course of evolution, in the case of trial by jury, and approximate the form which it superseded. A final section on Education contains much good sense.

But the impression left by the volume as a whole is not one of orderliness and sequence, nor yet of distinction. It would be hard to say what is the dominant idea or ideas. As the reader tries to sum up the whole, and asks himself: "What does sociology mean to this writer?" he cannot answer. "In sociology nothing is all-important because many things are all-important; that is, here, as in every organic correlation of realities, the ruin of one may ruin all, and by the same token the presence of all is essential to the worth of any." However, at the very end of the book occurs a sentence that seems to state the purpose of sociology: "To the student of sociology it is an impressive fact that with Jesus the sole test of discipleship was *service* in obedience to the purpose to bring in throughout the world and in each particular situation the Kingdom of Human Fulfillment, in which God's will should be accomplished upon earth and the coming of which his followers are bidden to make the first of all their prayers."

Though excellent pages and passages or even sections can be picked out of this book, it fails in the face of the attitude, now becoming traditional among true scientists, towards sociology. It is too inclusive; it mixes together too many things; it does not show rigor of method or a sure hand. Nor will it do for a textbook. Above all things, a textbook must be simple, clear, and with a stride from proposition to proposition. There, if anywhere, is a call for orientation and perspective, a rigid exclusion of the extraneous, problematical, and hortatory. It should construct as far as it can sure-handedly, and stop there. It should deal chiefly in inductions, and least of all balance deductions-from-deductions, or state (with many a "probably" or "possibly") vaguely tentative opinions. And it is the most dangerous sort of thing, from the standpoint of education, to give the student to understand that it is legitimate to draw conclusions from conditions to which you propose at once to apply those conclusions, with the object of betterment. There is, in this book, too little background of historic fact; too little that is calculated to lend distance and detachment to the attitude which any one, let alone a beginner, should take towards contemporary social issues. The young person is to-day too little clear as to what constitutes a right to an opinion on social matters. He seems often to think that his personal "reaction" on a question, that is, the result he gets by measuring things up against his pet prepossessions, is the great be-all and end-all of his education. The sooner he learns that the field of sociology is not an arena or forum where, as one bright lad put it, "one man's opinion is just as good as another's," the better for him and for society.

MAJOR PUTNAM'S REMINISCENCES.

Memories of a Publisher, 1865-1915. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

This volume, supplementing Major Putnam's "Memories of My Youth," brings down to present days the interesting record of an active and useful life illumined by a fine type of citizenship and civic service, which are best illustrated by his years of labor for the betterment of New York, and his indomitable fight for international copyright. These are set forth in separate chapters of the memoir before us, and they are historical contributions of value, for the group of men with whom Major Putnam consorted, the "mugwumps" of the Cleveland school, is so rapidly passing off the stage that such a record of its point of view as this becomes more and more desirable.

His many friendships, American and international, Major Putnam has also recorded here, notable among them being his characterizations of Grover Cleveland, Carl Schurz, and Theodore Roosevelt, with all of whom his personal relationships were close, Col. Roosevelt having for a time been a special partner in the Putnam firm. Of this connection Major Putnam has the following to say: "He [Mr. Roosevelt] promptly developed a full measure of original theories for the running of a publishing business, theories which were always interesting, but

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which in most cases did not appear to be practicable or promising of good results under the existing conditions. . . . I became very fond of the man, although there were times when the prolific suggestions, the exuberance of utterance, and the cockiness of optimism came to be fatiguing." The English experiences of Mr. Putnam are of particular interest at this time, when all eyes are focussed upon that country.

Major Putnam's volume suffers, however, by a rather haphazard arrangement, and it is evident that he has relied too greatly upon his memory in matters of detail. Thus (p. 83), the *Evening Post* was not under the editorial direction of Edwin L. Godkin when Carl Schurz joined its staff in 1881, and his association with it lasted little over a year, and not for some time, as might be deduced from the text. Again (p. 109), Henry Villard was not an Alsatian by birth (which would have made him a Frenchman), but a Rhenish Bavarian. Frederick Billings (p. 108) did not succeed Mr. Villard, but was his predecessor, in the presidency of the Northern Pacific. Mr. Billings is, therefore, unjustly charged with blocking Prof. Raphael Pumpelly's census of the resources of the Northern Pacific region. There are numerous other slips.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry. By W. J. A. Donald. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

The Tin Plate Industry. By D. E. Dunbar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

These books are prize essays in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx series. Both are highly creditable to the series—judicial in tone, painstaking, accurate. They are replete with historical matter, statistics, charts, and, indeed, pretty well all the material needed for the understanding of their respective subjects. They make substantial and valuable contributions to the literature of the controversy on free trade and protection. So much of vague generalization has been put forth in this unending debate that detailed inquiry on the working of particular pieces of legislation is refreshing and welcome. Of the two, Dr. Donald's book is the bulkier, though not for that reason necessarily the better. It gives perhaps a surplusage of material; one does not see the forest for all the trees. Mr. Dunbar's book is more compact and more skilfully put together.

In Dr. Donald's account of the Canadian iron and steel industry the most interesting episode, and indeed the chief episode that suggests questions of principle, is the application of the bounty system by the Canadian Government. The use of bounties for the purposes of protection, in place of import duties, has been commended by writers on protection from the days of Alexander Hamilton on. It is said, and this much in general is true, that they have the advantage of extending aid to a new industry (or an old one, for that matter) without bringing a charge on the consumer of the particular article affected. An import duty makes the price higher to the consumer; but a bounty reimburses the producer for a (supposed) heavy expense and encourages him to go on, without necessarily causing the price to rise. It is not, however, on any such theoretical grounds as these that the bounty system was adopted in Canada. The explanation is to be found, as is so often the case in these devious happenings, in the political exigencies of the moment. The so-called "national system" had been started in Canada by the Conservatives in 1879, and sundry increases of duty had been made during the years following. In 1896 a reaction set in; the Liberals came to power again, and were pledged to a general revision and lowering of duties. The rapidly growing Canadian West was impatient of the burdens of the protective system, and some concessions had to be made to it and to the farming element in general. On the other hand, the interested manufacturers of iron and steel and their constituencies were clamorously opposed to a reduction of duties, and indeed asked for more protection. The Liberal Government compromised (1897) by continuing some duties at a lower rate, and by developing a far-reaching system of bounties on iron and steel products. The beginnings of the bounty system, it is true, reached back ten years earlier, to 1883; but its application on a large scale did not come until 1897. The sums that were finally paid out in bounties reached dimensions that would discompose even our plethoric Treasury, and for Canada threatened to be portentous. From a million and a half to two millions were paid out annually during the later years of the system, from 1904 until 1911.

It was these very payments which finally brought the system to an end. The opponents of protection have always maintained that if the thing must be done, it had better be by bounties than by duties, since the direct payment of money out of the Treasury makes plain to every one what is going on, whereas the concealment of the effect of import duties makes it possible to keep these up for an indefinite time. So it proved in Canada. When a couple of millions came to be paid out each year to the iron and steel producers, the system became untenable. Notwithstanding endeavors of the politicians and the interested producers to keep it up, it was finally abolished in 1906. The payments were continued for a few years thereafter, on a decreasing scale, but the end came in 1911.

From another point of view bounties may fairly be said to be preferable to duties. The argument for protection to young industries, the most respectable of the arguments in favor of protection, is applicable to a bounty system better than to one of protective import duties; and this for the very reason that bounties are not likely to last indefinitely. Protection to young industries implies that the protection will be withdrawn when the industry is no longer young. The universal experience with duties, however, is that the domestic producers clamor for their indefinite retention, and usually succeed in securing their retention long after the industry has ceased to be young. Bounties, however, are always on the defensive; they are never likely to last long, and are pretty certain to be bowled over unless a very strong case for upholding them can be made out.

On the Canadian episode Dr. Donald's conclusion is that even on the ground of young industries the iron and steel bounties cannot be proved defensible. He presents evidence almost conclusive to show that the enterprises which got the benefit of the bounty would have started up anyhow, and that even their inception was hardly hastened. Not only this; the bounty system, so far from leading to progress and improvement, seems to have retarded it. It was the abolition of the bounties which stimulated technical progress in the one great enterprise, the Dominion Steel Company, which got the greatest share of the largess.

Mr. Dunbar's book on the Tin Plate Industry is based upon wide observation both in this country and in England, and shows a more intimate knowledge of the conditions in both countries than is ordinarily to be found in books of this sort. The extraordinary and dramatic development of the tin-plate manufacture under the McKinley duty of 1890 is carefully traced, and it is pointed out that the general revolution in the steel trade which was wrought in the decade following (1890-1900) accounts for the unexpected success of the McKinley protection. Then followed the no less spectacular episode of the Tin Plate Trust, its speculative manipulations, its squeezing of the consumers, and its final absorption by the Steel Corporation. The later development of the industry, largely but by no means exclusively at the hands of the Steel Corporation, has received much less attention from other writers, and on this phase Mr. Dunbar makes new and interesting contributions. He points out that improvements in method have followed one another rapidly in the American plants—both the independent plants and those in the Trust—and that in recent years the American industry, so far from having anything to learn from the Welsh, has taken the lead and can give instruction to its previous rival and superior. In this development there appears to be some ground for asserting that protection to young industries has been successfully applied; the American product has become as cheap as the Welsh, if not cheaper. And by the same token, there is excellent ground for saying that the duty might now be removed once for all. The truth seems to be that where protection is applied so widely and indiscriminately as it has been in the United States during the last fifty years, there can hardly fail to be some successes. If you fire off shots enough, you can hardly fail to make some hits. In this tin-plate case there seems to have been a lucky hit.

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Notes

The Oxford University Press announces the publication of "The Unity of Western Civilization," a volume of essays collected and edited by F. S. Marvin.

Harper & Brothers announce for immediate publication "Over the Front in an Aeroplane," by Ralph Pulitzer.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for publication this month "The Book of the Homeless," edited by Edith Wharton.

"Buddhist Art in Its Relation to Buddhist Ideals," by M. Anesaki, has been published by Houghton Mifflin Co., in conjunction with the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

The "Proceedings of the First Librarians' Convention," which was held in New York on September 15, 1853, has been republished in a limited edition by The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Booker T. Washington: Builder of a Civilization," by Lyman Beecher Stowe and Emmett J. Scott.

The following volumes will be published next month by Frederick A. Stokes Co.: "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton (new and revised edition); "Persuasive Peggy," by Maravene Thompson; "The Nameless One," by Anne Cleveland Cheney; "The Efficient Secretary," by Ellen Lane Spencer.

"Crainquebille, Putois, Riquet and Other Profitable Tales," by Anatole France, has now appeared in a translation by Winifred Stephens in the edition of the works published by John Lane ($1.75 net). The profit derivable from this bundle of stories presumably resides in their exposure of human stupidity and credulity masking as justice, piety, philosophy, and charity. Crainquebille, a costermonger, failing to "move on" at the order of the police, is fined and jailed on a trumped-up charge that he cried, "Down with the cops." On his release from prison, finding himself dropped by his former customers and driven to misery, he repeats the cry, "Down with the cops," in the hope that he will be jailed again and provided for by the "justice" which has ruined him. But the police take him for a mere addle-pate, and refuse to arrest him; he plunges into the darkness. "Putois" illustrates, with malicious innuendo, the "natural history" of a myth. To avoid an unwelcome invitation to a Sunday dinner, a white lie is told: "Putois the gardener is coming." Thus begotten, Putois—with no more substance than the illustrious Mrs. Harris—rapidly acquires every essential attribute of human existence. Whatever in the neighborhood lacks visible explanation, is credited to him—including the paternity of otherwise fatherless children. Belief in his reality becomes at last so nearly unanimous that the original inventor of Putois cannot hold out against it. "Riquet," a dog's philosophy based upon his introspection and his observation of his master, is by implication a burlesque account of human conceptions of deity. "Emdée, or Charity Well Bestowed," is a vinaigrous satire on the benevolence of the rich as represented in the conventional story written for the Christmas holidays. In general the first taste of these tales is somewhat bitter. Ruminated, they are not so unpalatable; for, though there is a rather indecent cynicism in the husk, there is much decent sentiment in the kernel. Through the amused, contemptuous, almost despairing mask of the satirist, flash out, now and then, eyes sincerely enamoured of sweetness and light.

Nothing leaves a more unpleasant impression on the traveller in Ireland than the squalor of its cities and towns—their dreary, ill-kept streets, their air of poverty and *laissez-faire,* their lack, in all but a few notable cases, of distinguished architecture and picturesque atmosphere. Yet, behind all this, as Mr. Stephen Gwynn reveals in "The Famous Cities of Ireland" (Macmillan; $2), there is a history of fascinating and gallant exploits, and a promise of the new prosperity accruing to the country generally under the new Land acts. The bravery of Derry and Limerick is known to all who have read Macaulay; the distinction of Kilkenny, which fostered Berkeley, Congreve, and Farquhar, is no less noteworthy; and Dublin, in the eighteenth century, was one of the most brilliant capitals in Europe. But who that knows the Galway of to-day would imagine that in 1585 the Government found it necessary to enact sumptuary laws there, and drastic ones at that? Mr. Gwynn's book contains much information of this character which, though known to the student, will undoubtedly be new to the general reader. It contains also one or two brilliant surveys of troublous periods in which the author has had the courage to take the scholarly rather than the popular view. This is notably the case in his references to the Norman Conquest, the real tragedy of which was that it did not impose a universal system of law throughout the country, but established one law for the Pale and another for the "wild Irishry." Even the Church made this distinction, so that one hundred and fifty years after Strongbow's landing, the Irish King of Ulster made a bitter complaint to the Pope against the Cistercians of Inch "for appearing publicly in arms, they attack and slay the Irish and yet celebrate their Masses notwithstanding." *Ab uno disce omnes!* However, since Mr. Orpen's admirable volumes were published a few years ago we know that the Normans brought comparative law and order wherever they were strong enough to do so. They founded the cities as alien fortresses and developed them as commercial centres, for the native Irish never showed much talent for municipal development. The ruin of the cities later on was not due to these old Anglo-Irish, but to the greed of English merchants. While Mr. Gwynn (an Ulster Protestant who is also a Nationalist member of Parliament) has not succeeded in keeping politics out of his book, he has done better in this respect than most writers of books on Irish subjects. He pays an adequate tribute to the business ability of Belfast. His most conspicuous failure is his inability to communicate the charm of places he loves. Not in anything he writes, for instance, is to be discovered the lure of Dublin which has drawn Mr. George Moore back to the capital of Ireland after he had written three volumes to explain why he must leave it! Had Mr. Gwynn possessed this secret he might have written a piece of literature instead of writing by far the best of the guide books. It is excellently illustrated with colored plates and sketches by Mr. Hugh Thomson and has a good index.

"We Discover New England," by Louise Closser Hale (Dodd, Mead; $2 net), is a very attractive volume of the gift-book type. Mrs. Hale writes with a pleasant vivacity which seldom descends to the level of mere sprightliness—as if writing were a form of recreation, and not conceivably a task or an art. The motor journey through New England here recorded is an occasion for the mildest of adventures, unless motoring and sight-seeing are themselves adventures. With a considerable knowledge of European highways, Mr. and Mrs. Hale here set forth for the first time to explore unknown America. They used, to be sure, the method naturally followed abroad, of a careful itinerary and a frank use of guide-books, and were therefore able to carry out the plan of seeing in a week or two many of the show-places of New England. But there are different ways of seeing even a show-place, and Mrs. Hale's is that of a traveller rather than a tourist. Their course took them almost straight north along the New England border through the Berkshires to Burlington, with a détour to Cornish and Woodstock; from Burlington east through the White Mountains to Poland Springs and Portland; then south along the coast, through Portsmouth, Newburyport, Gloucester, and Salem, to Boston, and so cutting off the Cape to Newport; thence along the Sound to New Haven, and by a night run to New York. There is nothing to be said for the novelty of this route, but the most interesting travellers' tales have to do with the old recognizable things seen through fresh eyes. Mrs. Hale has followed the high lights of the New England landscape without letting them dazzle or (what is quite as familiar an experience) bore her. She has visited her show-places not, as it were, to do, but to be done by them; and has reaped the reward of the simple-hearted and generous-minded traveller. Not simple-minded! Mrs. Hale has a vein of real and spontaneous humor which keeps her from taking either her theme or herself (or her husband!) with undue seriousness. The unpretentious merit of her record is enhanced by Mr. Hale's charming sketches.

As a title, "Out of Doors" (Appleton; $1.25 net), by Emerson Hough, is certainly lacking in definiteness: the book is not a collection of nature poems or essays, but a manual of practical information for those who choose to live out of doors more or less—campers, fishermen, hunters. The author has the somewhat unusual gift of knowing how to chat spontaneously (witness, for instance, his slang) without digressing unduly from his task of telling the half-experienced woodsman and the "rank greenhorn" what a sensible outfit is; how to fight mosquitoes, black flies, etc.; how to prepare for a canoeing trip, or for mountain camping; how to use a gun, a bird dog, or a campfire; how to avoid panic on getting lost. To devotees of an out-of-doors life, the book will prove useful as well as entertaining. Mr. Hough, though dogmatic—*e. g.,* "Always wear a waistcoat, whether you keep it buttoned or not"—is nothing if not shrewd. Yet his chapter on The Woman in Camp may rub the creature in question the wrong way; thus, "If I had to give only one word of advice to the woman going into camp, I would say, 'Smile.'" An entire chapter rightly is devoted to the topic of shoes, and the

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author rightly concludes the type of shoe in use in the United States army to be the best adapted to the needs of the hunter and tramper. Clearly, a book of this kind may prevent a great deal of discomfort and pain, not to mention expense.

That war correspondents are able to do nothing more than hang about the outskirts of the great battle ground and snatch bits of material at second-hand or worse, is an impression which books like Horace Green's "The Log of a Non-Combatant" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net) are bound to dispel. On the outbreak of the war Mr. Green at once set out for the front as staff correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* and special correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. With him, for the adventure of it, went an old friend, a lawyer of Boston. A few weeks later they were at Termonde just before the second German bombardment, and were the last to crawl across the remnants of the ruined bridge before it was dynamited by the Belgians. But this was not close enough to the centre of things. Two days later they set out from Ghent for Brussels, in a Belgian military automobile, carrying mail from Dr. Van Dyke at The Hague to Brand Whitlock at Brussels. The car bore American colors, and contained also Mr. Van Hee, American Vice-Consul at Ghent. They presently ran into the thick of a skirmish between some Belgian infantry and German pickets, and by way of escape drove straight between the opposing lines, and were duly arrested by the German patrol. It was a serious offence, but resulted in nothing worse than eight days' retention within the German lines, part of the time at Brussels, with plenty of chance to talk with Germans of all ranks, and to see the inner surface of their military system. They were then shipped in a box-car to Aix, took a passenger train over the Dutch border, and were promptly arrested at Maastricht in the neutral Netherlands—probably, Mr. Green thinks, by the indirect agency of the German Secret Service. They were finally told that correspondents were not tolerated there, and sent to The Hague. Three days later Mr. Green started on what he calls his "lucky trip" into Antwerp, "the besieged." Chances were not bright for getting into Antwerp. By steady bluffing, a little exhibition of clog-dancing, and the timely application of cognac to certain sentries, he succeeded in gaining entrance. The same day Winston Churchill's English "army of relief" appeared. But hopes of relief were vain; presently the Germans got their big guns in place, and the bombardment began. The Belgian and English troops and the people left the city by the famous pontoon bridge; and Mr. Green and several other non-combatants remained till the city was fairly in ruins. Mr. Green seems to have accepted all possible chances of death by shell-fire; it was a lucky trip, as we understand it, not so much because he escaped, as because he almost did not! Much of the rest of his war experience was within the German lines, in Berlin, and elsewhere. He has very firm convictions on the subject of the "atrocities" charges against the German soldier as a type, and an Appendix discusses the matter at some length. The book is admirable for its simple and unpretentious way of recording things; it is quite free from taint of the American magazine or Sunday newspaper style.

The official text of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" for 1782, comprising Volumes XXII and XXIII of Mr. Gaillard Hunt's monumental edition (Government Printing Office), is, as the editor points out, relatively of meagre bulk; but the gaps have been filled, so far as possible, by additions from the papers of the Congress, and by the inclusion, for November and December, of Madison's notes of the debates. Substantively, the record is one of marked activity. The military establishment was continued, though with some reduction, notwithstanding the cessation of active hostilities; and as late as August the States were urged not to slacken their efforts to keep the country in a good state of defence, as one of the surest means of effecting a satisfactory peace. The organization of the National Government made progress with the reconstitution of the Department of Foreign Affairs, the establishment of a mint, the extension of the postal service, and the adoption of a seal. The Federal Court of Appeals was in operation. A plan for the protection and encouragement of American commerce, submitted in May, is an informing economic document. The diplomatic situation, however, was disturbing. In January the terms of a consular convention with France were agreed to; but, for the purpose of hastening a treaty with Spain, Congress was actually ready to surrender for a time the free navigation of the Mississippi. At the beginning of the year, also, came the announcement that France would lend no more money, and in May followed a request for an accounting. Without foreign aid, the United States were still helpless, and in September Congress made bold to solicit an additional loan of four million dollars. Throughout the year, the absorbing problem of revenue grew steadily more difficult. The scheme of apportioning national charges among the States according to the value of land, provided for in the Articles of Confederation, proved unworkable; the States neglected their constitutional obligations entirely, or raised only a part of their quotas; New Jersey proposed to apply to its own military uses a part of what it had raised to meet the requisitions; while the refusal of Rhode Island to approve the amendment for a 5 per cent. revenue duty on imports gave occasion to Virginia to rescind its own ratification of the amendment. An attempt to censure David Howell, of Rhode Island, the leader of the extreme State rights party in that State, for his connection with the defeat of the revenue scheme, brought on a lively controversy, but the honors of battle remained with Howell. The status of prisoners of war on both sides was also perplexing, and for a time threatened serious consequences. The late summer, however, brought a gleam of light, for in August Congress had practically agreed upon the terms of peace. The publications of the year, as listed in Mr. Hunt's bibliography, were few, and do not include any instalment of the Journals themselves.

In "The Nightside of Japan" (Lippincott; $2.50 net) Mr. T. Fujimoto has covered a wide field with great thoroughness and discrimination. He has given an intimate account of Tokio and its people, an account which could only have been written by a Japanese. He has chosen his incidents wisely and described them well. At the same time, he has contrived to supply his readers with a really prodigious amount of information. One is told the price of a bowl of rice and the name of a certain street where it is served at midnight, and one may learn the exact situation of the oldest cherry tree in the city as well as the particular night in spring when its branches will be hung with colored lanterns by way of celebration. There are also descriptions of wrestling, of parks, of children, of lovers, and of waterways, boats, and crickets. These are treated with detail and without prejudice. Mr. Fujimoto finds something interesting in every phase of his city, and he understands its people and the motives which lie behind their virtues and their vices. He writes of their religions and ideals, and he describes their fêtes and dissipations with a very disarming Oriental candor. He believes that any human deed and any popular faith deserve publication; therefore his chronicle could not fail to be comprehensive and outspoken. The style is largely a matter of the author's own devising. Whenever he finds the English language inadequate he creates a grammar and syntax according to the needs of the moment. The result is to give to the volume an individual flavor, unique and engaging.

The reader experiences some surprise in finding Povl Drachmann's handsome little volume, "The Industrial Development and Commercial Policies of the Three Scandinavian Countries" (Oxford University Press; $1.50), published under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. There is no immediate reference to the problem of war and peace in the volume, and the Endowment proposes evidently to construe liberally the definition of its field of publication. Presumably the book is classed in the Endowment's programme as a study of "conflicts of economic interests in the present age," or of "the unifying effects of international trade"—but so might be most other studies of recent economic conditions. While the book is a useful survey of the topics that it covers, it makes no very important additions to the material that can be found in the studies by Scharling and Fahlbeck, in the "Schriften des Vereins für Socialpolitik," and in the books published for the Paris Exposition of 1900 by Sundbärg and by Konow and Fischer. Scholars may hope at least that in the future the Endowment will require of its authors some indication of the sources from which the statements of the text are drawn. The present writer makes no reference whatever to his authorities.

An English translation of "A History of Economic Doctrines," by Charles Gide, of the University of Paris, and Charles Rist, of the University of Montpellier, was made by R. Richards, at the suggestion of the late Professor Smart, and is now published in this country by D. C. Heath & Co. Since the first appearance of this book in French, in 1909, it has been accepted as a standard manual on the part of the field that it covers, from the time of the physiocrats to the present. It is distinctly a better piece of work than Professor Gide's "Principles of Political Economy," which has had a considerable currency in American colleges, but which lacks vigor and consistency. The French have tried more earnestly than any other people to organize instruction in the history of doctrine, on which a course is given in every faculty of law; and they seem to have

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peculiar gifts for the exposition of the subject. Their sympathy with varying views, their art of clear description and effective arrangement, are admirably exemplified in the work of Professors Gide and Rist, and make the book an excellent introduction to the history of political economy throughout the period in which it has been treated as a science. The translator, who is a lecturer in the University College of North Wales, appears to have done his work well.

Following the boundary line between government and economics (if in these days of prodigious governmental activity any such boundary can be said to remain), Prof. Samuel P. Orth, of the University of Pennsylvania, has brought together a volume of "Readings in the Relation of Government to Property and Industry" (Ginn; $2.25 net). There is a vast amount of available literature on this broad subject, but relatively little is of enduring value. The editor's task has been to cull out of the entire mass those discussions which go to the vitals of each problem, which speak authoritatively, and which may be regarded, to some degree at least, as having helped to build up public opinion. This is no easy task, to be sure, but Professor Orth has performed it with a sure hand and sound judgment. The selections relating to the police power, for example, are chosen with fine discrimination. Where else can one find a better résumé of this perplexing subject within the compass of seventy-five pages? The sections relating to public service commissions may also be singled out as showing breadth and catholicity of interest. The book will prove useful in many quarters, not only to those special students of political science or of business problems whom the editor has had chiefly in mind, but to lawyers and men of affairs as well. The text of the Federal Trade Commission act is included, likewise some interesting excerpts from the testimony given at the hearings before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce during the weeks when this measure was under consideration.

In Mr. Harry Parker Ward's volume devoted to "Some American College Bookplates" (Columbus, O.: The Champlin Press; $3 net) and limited to 500 numbered copies, will be found much to delight the eye and warm the heart of the book-lover; for it follows naturally that a love of books also embraces an appreciative interest in the marks of their ownership. About 375 examples of the art are given, a few being printed from the original plates. The collection is not confined to college book-plates; it also contains some of individuals, fraternities, clubs, and learned societies. Naturally, there is a wide range of artistic merit and interest. The collection is particularly rich in examples of the work of American designers and engravers. A number of plates reproduced in Mr. Clifford N. Carver's charming little volume, "Bookplates of Princeton and Princetonians" (1912) are included. The compiler contributes a brief introduction, and Mr. Theodore Wesley Koch, librarian of the University of Michigan, a pleasantly discursive essay bearing the infelicitous title, "A Defense of Bookplates." No defence or apology appears to be necessary, and Mr. Koch should not take too seriously criticism like that which he in part quotes from the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*. This critic clearly was indulging in a bit of whimsy. A noteworthy contribution to the volume is Mr. Winward Prescott's "Check List of Bookplate Literature." His introductory remarks will be of service to those who have more than a passing interest in the subject. A lengthy list of advance subscribers is printed, and it is gratifying to note that this attractive volume will find a place in many of the leading libraries, where it may be enjoyed by those who care for bookplates, but who are unable to purchase the work for their own shelves.

The history of the western highlanders of India, known as the Mahrattas, is full of the stirring incident and picturesque situations that lured the pen of Scott, and, as is usual with all mountainous, border tribes, their history is told largely through the lives of their chiefs. Prof. H. G. Rawlinson's task in "Shivaji the Mahratta" (Oxford University Press; 85 cents) is simplified because the Mahrattas comprised, at the heyday of their power, a homogeneous aggregation of clans that readily fused themselves under the great leader Shivaji into a young and virile nation. Secure in their fastnesses of the western *ghats*, the Mahrattas offered little resistance to the early Mughal invasions. But, as the Moslem tide slowly encroached towards the east and south of the Mahratta hills four centuries later, across the rich plains that they had come to regard it as their peculiar privilege to harry in frequent raids, the need arose to stem or divert this tide. When the power of the nearest Mohammedan King at Bijapur became a too onerous and intolerable burden, the inevitable leader arose with Shivaji, in 1657, who may be readily compared to Robert Bruce. About this Hindu fighting race a good deal of Hindu romance still clings: according to their lights they alone represented the only serious Hindu opposition offered the Mughals; this was enough to galvanize the Mahrattas into a nation under wise leadership and laws, with a vision of empire. But the force of sheer personality was ever the secret of Shivaji's success, and their subsequent decline and eventual disintegration under a purely Brahman dynasty would seem to have been foredoomed when we remember their picaresque origins.

In Shivaji the Mahrattas found and lost their predestined leader. Professor Rawlinson has been at considerable pains to divest his fascinating hero of the rich accretions of myth and legend laid on by Hindu chroniclers, ancient and modern, a task in itself of no small compass. In this attractive biography he has successfully gleaned and regimented facts that still retain their original glamour: that the Shivaji, reviled as a "mountain rat" and freebooter, had a statesmanlike vision, a deep sense of nationalism for his dashing and volatile clansmen, that lifted the Mahrattas into Indian history for a brief and stirring page. From the scornful Mughal angle Shivaji more or less merited the obloquy heaped on him by their historians, which was followed by Western writers. True to his origin and race, he was crafty and treacherous, yet an ideal leader for their guerrilla mode of warfare, and incidentally one of the finest cavalry generals India has produced. Thus, there is no need to mitigate his treacherous conduct, when he assassinated the Mughal general, Afzal Kahn, in a *durbar*. Until his death, April 5, 1680, Shivaji was a consistent goad and deterrent to Mughal power: "On that day," wrote the Mughal chronicler, Khafi Khan, in a Persian anagram on the date, "the Kafir went to Hell." Along with Shivaji's great administrative powers the most interesting side to this wily leader was his love of poetry, of the ballad type, celebrating his race and even his own exploits, a taste that is true to his highland temperament. Professor Rawlinson is to be commended for his illuminating appendix on Shivaji's poets laureate, Tukaram and Ramdas, and for the typical verses translated. Curiously enough, in contrast with their wild border tradition and antecedents, we find these two favorites of Shivaji's empire eschewing the ballad, and exhibiting a metaphysical style peculiar to the English school of Crashaw, Herbert, and Vaughan. Tukaram in particular, as Professor Rawlinson points out, indulged to an extraordinary degree in its mysticism and quaint conceits. We can only remark this literary phenomenon, as contrasted with the later popular Mahratta ballads, as a great tribute to the deep religious fervor for Hinduism always shown by Shivaji, and to the state of culture prevailing at his court at the apogee of his power. In so attractive and readable a book it is a pity that the map should prove inadequate for the needs of the American reader.

Drama

There is uncommonly good craftsmanship in the "Jane Clegg" (Holt; 80 cents net) of St. John G. Ervine. The whole story, from beginning to end, is exhibited in action, in perfectly simple, natural, logical fashion, without any recourse to explanatory dialogue. In this respect it is a notable bit of genuine drama. And it has other distinctive qualities. It is, in the true sense, realistic—dealing with unmistakable human beings—it is consistent and absolutely credible; it is compact, ingenious, and interesting. The tale itself is drab and sordid, but it is dignified by a very definite purpose and meaning. Virtually it is an attack upon the English divorce laws, inasmuch as it asserts the right of a good wife and mother to rid herself of a worthless and faithless husband, who yet has not brought himself within the reach of existing statutes. In other words, it is a plea for the establishment of equal moral obligations upon husband and wife. And the case for the plaintiff, in this particular instance, could not easily be more strongly put. It is all the stronger because it is stated without hysteria or exaggeration. The theme, of course, is one of the oldest in stage and other fiction and Mr. Ervine, like other predecessors who have taken his side of the debate, ignores the one natural impediment, with its hitherto insoluble complications, which has barred the way to an equable solution of a cruel problem. Unfortunately the consequences of male and female incontinence, in the material view, are not identical. In equity the case of Jane Clegg is perfect. In full confidence she has married a specious, genial, selfish, mean, shifty, and utterly immoral scoundrel. She has slaved uncomplainingly for him and her children, to whom she is devoted. Then she inherits a little fortune of seven hundred pounds, out of which he tries to wheedle her. When he steals from his employers—as he avers to pay bad debts for which they

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ought to be responsible—she repays the money rather than let him go to jail; but when she discovers that he has used the stolen funds to buy tickets for Canada for himself and another woman, that he is an incorrigible liar, gambler, and wastrel, she refuses to have anything more to do with him and turns him out of the house. There is not an incident in the play that is not of every-day occurrence. There is not a line of "fine writing" or any attempt at theatrical emotionalism, but the simple dialogue is full of pregnant suggestion and the interest is progressive and cumulative, up to the final climax. The characters of the three principal personages—the patient, conscientious, resolute, and perplexed wife; the parasitical, conscienceless husband, and his ignorant, foolish, doting old mother, whose misplaced maternal zeal precipitates the catastrophe—are unfolded, in speech and action, with remarkable consistency, veracity, and insight. In short, the whole piece might be an actual transcript from life. Dealing faithfully as it does with the commonplace, it does not, of course, exhibit any of those literary or imaginative qualities essential to a great play, but it is an able, skilful, and vital work, and a rarely good example of modern realism. Moreover, it is admirably adapted for theatrical representation, though its freedom from exaggeration, which is its chief artistic virtue, would probably be regarded as a fatal defect by most modern stars and managers.

Five of the Masques, written by Thomas Wood Stevens and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, and produced by the Art Institute of Chicago, have been collected in a handy volume (Gomme & Marshall). They furnish substantial evidence of the notable development in the West of this ancient and admirable form of literary and artistic entertainment, and set an example which should spur the East to generous rivalry. Of the works themselves, which have been very fully described in the past, it would be difficult now to say anything new. They carry with them their own commendation. Written to suit special conditions, and with the purpose of making the spectators participants in the action devised for their delectation and amusement, they are remarkable examples of sympathetic, imaginative, and skilful collaboration. The reprinted pieces are "The Daimio's Head," "The Masque of Montezuma," "Cæsar's Gods," "Rainald and the Red Wolf," "A Pageant for Independence Day," and "The Masque of Quetzal's Bowl." As Percy MacKaye points out in a foreword, they are more essentially dramatic than the Masques of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, played in the open air, with elaborate choral and instrumental accompaniment. Most of them, indeed, could with little difficulty be made serviceable in the regular theatre. The literary work in them has a distinctive quality such as is rarely met with on the modern stage. Dealing with widely contrasting eras and nationalities, the authors have succeeded in reproducing the appropriate atmosphere in each case with singular felicity. "The Daimio's Head" is saturated with the spirit of old Japan; "Rainald and the Red Wolf" is a capital specimen of mediæval romance, seasoned with some vigorous satire, while in "Quetzal's Bowl," the most imaginative perhaps of the whole series, past and present are most adroitly commingled. In the Independence Day Pageant an imitation of the Elizabethan chorus is introduced with excellent effect. All of them have a very positive literary, artistic, and educational value, while offering novel and most attractive entertainment, just the sort of intellectual distraction for which a moderately intelligent public would be grateful.

Methodical students of the drama will find Barrett H. Clark's "The British and American Drama of To-day" (Holt; $1.60 net) a very useful handbook if they happen to have a tolerably complete theatrical library at their disposal. Without it the brief comments on plays with which they are not familiar will not be particularly enlightening. The play lists, biographies, and bibliographies will afford them much convenient and accurate information. There are profitable suggestions also in the examination papers appended to most of the chapters as helps to critical discrimination. It may be observed, however, that some of the questions are much more easily asked than answered, as the art of dramatic construction, which must always be governed largely by ever varying conditions, is by no means an exact science. The critical opinions of the author himself will not meet with universal acceptance, least of all his estimates of the relative values of much modern dramatic work. The catholicity of his judgment is impaired by his enthusiasm for the advanced modern school. He says in his preface that in his selection of plays for discussion it was his aim only to select "typical plays of typical dramatists"—a somewhat vague expression. As a matter of count, he enumerates forty-five dramatists and discusses only forty-four plays. His list of dramatists is a fairly representative one, although some notable names are missing from it. He explains his omission of Israel Zangwill, Rudolf Besier, Charles Rann Kennedy, Alfred Sutro, and Somerset Maugham on the ground that they are not truly representative, or their work is represented by that of others. This is somewhat hard upon writers who have achieved notable successes in the modern theatre—and a trifle cryptic. "The Winter Feast" of Mr. Kennedy, although it failed in New York, is a drama of signal power and ability. In other respects the list of dramatists is amply comprehensive, but exception, perhaps, might be taken to some of the plays selected for peculiar consideration. On the whole, however, the book is a good one for its purpose. There is a somewhat obvious reflection to be made on the subject of modern stage directions. Mr. Clark suggests that the amplification of these into analytical, descriptive, and biographical essays by Bernard Shaw and other professed disciples of Ibsen is necessitated by the development of modern drama, with its complex settings and subtle characterization. In reply to this it may be permissible to point out that a marked tendency of modern drama is to return to the old classic unity of scene, not because it is artistic, but because it is cheaper. As for subtlety of characterization—vital characterization, that is—typical or other, it would be interesting to learn what modern dramatist has made any substantial advance upon Shakespeare, Jonson, Congreve, or Sheridan. The explanation of the elaborate foot-notes in the contemporary play is much more simple. They are virtually confessions of the conscious inability of the dramatist to make his characters self-revelational. Who needs foot-notes to explain the significance of leading characters in masterpieces of the old drama or the best of the new? Mr. Clark alludes to the mystery of the governing motives of Bernard Shaw. It is not hopelessly obscure. In his social and moral philosophy Mr. Shaw generally makes a point of traversing the popular view, apparently discerning in this method the shortest road to notoriety. This, probably, is the secret of his recent pro-Germanism, which was a miscalculation. Instead of the protests, that mean advertisement, he encountered an angry and contemptuous silence.

Music

FAVORITE SONGS OF FAVORITE SINGERS.

The winter's fashion in collections of music is to issue volumes containing the preferred songs of famous singers. Thus, the Oliver Ditson Company has published within a few weeks Emma Calvé's "My Favorite French Songs" and Elena Gerhardt's "My Favorite German Songs," while a third volume, now in press, will include the best of Geraldine Farrar's selections for recitals, regardless of nationality; and G. Schirmer has printed a collection entitled "Kitty Cheatham—Her Book." This volume includes twenty-nine songs, all but four of which were composed expressly for Miss Cheatham, and existed heretofore in manuscript only. Miss Cheatham's unique entertainments are intended primarily for young folk, but they are attended by as many adults as children. Fairy-land is largely represented, but this volumes does not include any of her negro songs, which she delivers so characteristically and which are really the best things she does. Perhaps these are reserved for another volume. In the present selection there are a few songs by Europeans, such as Schumann's "Guardian Angel" and "A Legend" by Tchaikovsky; but most of them are by Americans, among whom one is glad to note, particularly, the Californian song-writer, Edith Simonds, besides one of the most promising of our younger men, Walter Kramer; also Harvey Worthington Loomis, an American composer who still remains to be discovered by the givers of recitals. Some day—perhaps not till after his death—he will be found out, and then his songs will have a great vogue. He has stood in his own way by writing too many. Why not bring out a Loomis book containing some two-score of his best songs? He is a brother of the late humorist, Charles Battell Loomis, who, in a serious (and somewhat indignant) mood, first called the present writer's attention to his brother's genius.

Emma Calvé's name, until a few years ago, was associated in the public mind almost exclusively with her Carmen, which was so unique and marvellous a creation that she found it difficult to persuade the world that she had a right to appear also in other parts, such as Ophelia, Marguerite, the Navarraise in Massenet's opera, and San-

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tuzza or Suzel in Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz." Since leaving the operatic stage, she has sung in concert halls and at vaudeville entertainments, with her vocal charms almost undiminished (she is not yet fifty). The two volumes containing her fifty-two favorite French songs include two airs from Bizet's operas. Among the other composers represented are Lalo, Massenet, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Chausson, Delibes, Fauré, Franck, Marie Antoinette, Mme. de Travanet; nor are men of the present day, like D'Indy and Debussy, left out. There are also a few folk-songs.

Of the German vocalists at present entertaining American audiences the most prominent is Elena Gerhardt (Julia Culp is not German, but Dutch). She had the good fortune to be launched as a concert-singer by Arthur Nikisch, who accompanied her at the piano and by his endorsement paved an easy way for her international fame. With thousands of German songs to choose from, she naturally found it difficult to name a few as her favorites. "My Favorite German Songs" contains twenty-nine numbers. The composers represented are Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, Franz, Brahms, Jensen, Wolf, and Strauss. In an introductory note the singer calls attention to the fact that these lieder have been not only her own favorites, but "have proven to be the best-loved by a thousand audiences."

The editor of the Musicians Library, published by the Oliver Ditson Company, William Arms Fisher, has just added to it a volume of his own which might also be included in the series of "My Favorite Songs." Its title is "Sixty Irish Songs," and it includes, besides twenty old favorites, forty more, which Mr. Fisher liked best after a thorough examination of more than two thousand Irish folk melodies. Mr. Fisher has not only shown admirable judgment as editor of the Musicians Library, which has brought home to many thousands the best songs and piano pieces in the world, but he is also one of the most original of American song writers. He, too, is still waiting to be discovered by the givers of recitals; but his day will come when these professionals shall find out, as they must ere long, that the "Allerseelen" of Richard Strauss, which they sing so often, is not nearly so inspired a song—nor so effective—as Mr. Fisher's setting of the same poem under the title, "Wie einst im Mai"; find out, furthermore, the rare charm of others of this American's songs, such as "I Wait for Thee" and an unusually beautiful Irish lullaby called "Gae to Sleep."

For the "Sixty Irish Songs" Mr. Fisher has provided new pianoforte accompaniments, in a style worthy of those of his own best songs. They are modern without being offensively so by reason of uncalled-for cacophonies. Folk music, having no harmony or accompaniment of its own, can be treated in a style as simple as Haydn's or as subtle and sophisticated as Debussy's. Mr. Fisher's accompaniments take the middle course, and they certainly add much to the charm of these songs without altering their spirit or national flavor. In the case of that exquisite lyric, "My Love's an Arbutus" ("Coola Shore"), the setting of Charles Villiers Stanford has been retained, with a few slight alterations, but "The Little Red Lark" has been reset entirely. Both versions are good—and what a heavenly song it is—a song that brings tears to the eyes of the most blasé concert-goer. In view of gems like these one feels tempted to endorse Dr. Ernest Walker's opinion—shared by thousands—that "Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists." Mr. Fisher's volume, the value of which is enhanced by an illuminating introduction, will do much to give further vogue to this opinion.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

A PROPHET OF THE NEW PAINTING.

Modern Painting, Its Tendency and Meaning. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Co. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

Like young Lochinvar, Mr. Wright comes out of the West, his dialectic is more mettlesome than any in the broad border. Everything except his literary manner, which is acutely jargonish, is easy to him. He comes to set crooked matters straight once for all. There is no hesitancy as to his vocation, no mercy for any who see otherwise than himself, and naturally there is the clarity and hardness of this sort of conviction. He knows precisely what has been amiss with the art of painting:

For centuries painting has been reared on a false foundation, and the criteria of æsthetic appreciation have been irrelevant. Painting has been a bastard—an agglomeration of literature, religion, photography, and decoration.

Happily, that is being put right by the simple process of jettisoning from the good ship Painting the irrelevant parts of her cargo. Or, less figuratively, "the efforts of painters for the last century have been devoted to the elimination of all extraneous considerations, to making painting as pure an art as music." The qualities that make a great picture are singularly few—perhaps three: First, a vivid effect of mass in third dimension; second, of abstract mass representing no recognizable object, and hence free from irrelevant associations; third, the mass to be expressed solely by color—which is the only authentic medium of painting—by color at its intensest, in the primaries. Or, trying for a still briefer summary, the business of painting is to express abstract volume solely through color. How simple and conclusive the doctrine is! How much extraneous thinking and feeling the present writer might have spared himself had the true inwardness of painting been vouchsafed to him twenty years ago. But that was impossible, for the great consummation was attained only about two years ago, when two young American painters, Morgan Russell and Macdonald-Wright, exhibited *chez Bernheim-Jeune* and issued the manifesto of Synchromism. They first knew how to make pure color express significant form; thus they purged painting of all non-æsthetic constituents and raised it to purity. The final act of discovery has been made, and we may permit ourselves an indulgent moment of pitying retrospect under our author's firm guidance:

So long as painting deals with objective nature, it is an impure art, for recognizability precludes the highest æsthetic emotion. All painting, ancient and modern, moves us æsthetically only in so far as it possesses a force over and beyond its mimetic aspect. The average spectator is unable to differentiate his literary and associative emotions from his æsthetic ecstasy. Form and rhythm alone are the bases of æsthetic enjoyment; all else in a picture is superfluity. Therefore, a picture, in order to represent its intensest emotive power, must be an abstract presentation expressed entirely in the medium of painting; and that medium is color. There are no longer any experiments to be made in methods. Form and color, the two permanent and inalienable qualities of painting, have become synonymous. Ancient painting sounded the depths of composition. Modern painting has sounded the depths of color. Research is at an end. It now remains only for artists to create.

After such brave words it is something of a shock to see what are the triumphs of the new school in Morgan Russell's arrangement of celestial spheres, very like Besnard's ceiling for the Hôtel de Ville, and Macdonald-Wright's set of polychromatic spirals, which are gay and pleasing after the fashion of a catherine wheel seen through smoked glass. In both cases there is an uneasy going in and out of the pattern; this we take to be the abstract sense of mass which enraptures our critic, and for him is the only æsthetic verity. Now, of course, if a man is made ecstatic by a particular titillation of his retina, that is for him æsthetic value. When this ecstasy is too exceptional, however, one may regard it as eccentric and negligible. Schiller, for example, got high olfactory bliss from the rotten apples which he kept in his study. But the case is more properly one of morbid psychology than of æsthetics. Doubtless, a critic who has incubated—we use the word advisedly, for the egg is palpably of another laying—an æsthetic of mass, and an organon for its expression, will honestly get more bliss out of the expression of volume according to his own formulas than he can out of any work of art whose production he has been unable to superintend. The entire sincerity of such an experience may be conceded, without admitting for it any general significance.

Mr. Wright's survey of the history of art considered as leading up to Synchromy is as brilliant as it is perverse. The older artists were merely victims of their subject-matter, the greatest, at most, successful evaders of it. Giotto cared nothing for his legends save as they permitted him to express volume. For centuries painting lingered in this

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stage, an ill-destined slave of literature. But in the middle of the last century Courbet and Daumier started matters by achieving an intenser feeling for mass. The realists and luminists did good work in breaking down the veneration for particular subject-matter. The Post-Impressionists, or rather their precursors, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne, achieved a further liberation from the subject and representation by claiming a free license for distortion. Cézanne did the more important work of making color directly expressive of mass and position. Matisse and his herd still further distorted natural appearance. It was, indeed, by this time so damaged that to throw it overboard was the inevitable next step. There was a moment of hesitation when the Cubists and the Futurists tried to reintegrate a natural appearance already "fatally twisted." Happily, their notion of natural appearance was so unlike the data of common vision that it hastened the work of disintegration. It got the world well interested in what seemed unnatural, and the next best thing to being *unnatural in painting* is to seem so. After all, Matisse is merely a decorator, Picasso a lyrist, and Severini an illustrator. After this attempt to refurbish the ideal of imitation, Morgan Russell and Macdonald-Wright arose, with the auspicious results which we have already indicated.

This brief abstract of the history of art as seen through Synchromistic eyes does injustice to the pungency and spirit of Mr. Wright's survey. He has the qualities of his wrong-headedness, in energy and consistency. To read him carefully is to have to think. He says many good things incidentally, and if he can learn to write English and can purge his mind of narrow formulas, he may go far.

What ails his thinking may be very briefly indicated. He carries to the absurd the romantic dissatisfaction with the complexity of the human individual and of the work of art. Romanticism split up the artist, who formerly had been regarded as integral, into mere man, and artistic superman. Similarly, Romanticism split up the work of art into an artistic and inartistic part. Formerly it had been assumed that the work of art was highly complex, its value lying in the whole nexus of relations it presented. It was not valuable because of subject matter, but because of subject matter as expressed. Nothing was negligible in it. What really counted was the exquisiteness of the composite. The work of art was a humanistic integer, just as the artist was a human integer.

Neo-Romanticism has steadily dehumanized both. The artist is no longer a man, but a special capacity inhering in a necessary but extraneous organism; the work of art is some residuum arrived at by eliminating irrelevant layers, like an onion peeled to the core. The work of art is not gold, but a lump of ore from which gold may be smelted. The attainment of purity in art may be regarded as a radical unloading process. The early romanticists threw over social control, the realists threw over traditional taste, the impressionists unloaded memory. Then followed a gradual jettisoning of natural appearance, the victim being prepared for the plunge by preliminary racking. Finally, natural appearance was jettisoned, and to celebrate the auspicious event the ship was set on fire. Thus painting was purified and Synchromism records the effulgent reflections of the cathartic funeral pyre.

Now, we need to set against this ingenious false logic and anti-humanistic splitting up of complex unities merely a reasonable degree of humanistic common-sense. Let us not achieve simplicity by shedding all the difficulties. The process is too facile; its success too cheap. No historically minded person, no man who in the broader sense had lived, could have written this book of Mr. Wright's. It emanates from the cave where phantoms acquire a monstrous consistency. A ray of sunlight, a single impulse of humor, would shatter the entire dream fabric.

With characteristic conservatism the New York Historical Society presents in its new "Catalogue of the Gallery of Art" what is virtually a reprint of the catalogue of some forty years ago. There is, however, a more logical arrangement, corresponding to the better hanging facilities of the new building, and a useful appendix of brief biographies of artists has been added. The most welcome innovation is the eighteen photogravures which reproduce the best pieces of the collection, and alone make the catalogue necessary to the student. With a single exception, the transfer of a former "Perugino" to Macrino d'Alba, the considerable critical literature that has been written about the gallery has been ignored. One can entirely understand the reluctance of the authorities to enter into the merry war of attributions. Yet the grave errors which Mr. Bryan took over from the preposterous catalogue of Artaud de Montor should have been expunged. It is a pity to reproduce as a Guido da Siena, for example, the admirable Florentine Madonna, No. B3, which has all the marks of Orcagna's studio, and has been ascribed to Nardo di Cione by Suida and Sirén. It is even worse to reproduce as a Giotto the magnificent Birth Salver, No. B5. It has on the back the arms of Lorenzo de Medici's father and mother, and was almost certainly prepared for his birth in 1449. That is to say, more than a century after Giotto's death. Such information is entirely available in François Monod's paper on the gallery in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. It is precisely the kind of information that visitors to an historical society should receive. In the first twenty-five numbers of the Bryan collection, Italian Primitives, there are eight errors as bad as the above. It is a serious blemish, which could easily be removed. Even if the Society wishes to keep out of the attribution-mongering game, it should at least get right the approximate date and the school of the pictures. It would add to the usefulness of the catalogue if the material on which the painting is made were registered.

"A Loan Exhibition of Early Italian Engravings (Intaglio)," issued by the Fogg Art Museum, at Cambridge, through the Harvard University Press, is a remarkable sort of catalogue. It is gracefully dedicated to that fine amateur, the late Francis Bullard, a benefactor both of the Fogg Museum and of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The field of early Italian engraving was a favorite one with him. Of the 119 prints in this loan exhibition, a number are from his collections, others are lent by the new assistant director of the Fogg Museum and compiler of this catalogue, Paul J. Sachs, but the bulk of the exhibits are from the rich stores of the Boston Art Museum and the Gray collection, Harvard. The ground is representatively covered from the earliest *niello* prints, to the work of Jacopo Francia, Jacopo dei Barbari, and Giulio and Domenico Campagnola. All of the eight prints by Mantegna are included, as well as many of his school, often in exceptional impressions. All of the plates are reproduced, and the ample quarto format generally permits of reproduction to true scale. Thus the catalogue, with its succinct technical and biographical notes, is an excellent compendium of the subject, a genuine resource for students of this fascinating field. Here and there the annotation might have been advantageously extended. Thus, the nude by Giulio Campagnola, No. 102, is almost certainly a copy of a lost original by Giorgione, and the novel stipple technique is induced by the need of imitating the finesses of an oil painting. We may also venture the suggestion that a painting by Sebastiano del Piombo must underlie the fine print by Giulio Campagnola of Christ and the Woman of Samaria, No. 95. Here is not the place to extend such observations. They are made merely to illustrate the usefulness of this most convenient catalogue to all students of Italian art. In thus making its temporary exhibition serve the permanent advantage of special scholarship, the Fogg Museum sets a valuable example.

Mr. James Ward, formerly a professor of decoration in Sheffield, and the author of several manuals of decorative art, has added to these a volume entitled "Colour Decoration of Architecture" (Dutton; $3.50 net). Its scope and purpose are explained in the sub-title: "Treating on colour and decoration of the interiors and exteriors of buildings. With historical notices of the art and practice of colour decoration in Italy, France, Germany, and England. For the use of decorators and students." To combine successfully in a volume of but 131 heavily leaded pages of text an adequate discussion of the principles of color decoration in the widely distinct fields of interior and exterior architecture, with an historical *aperçu* of color decoration in Italy and three other countries, is probably an impossible task; certainly, if undertaken, it must require the utmost condensation, the most carefully systematic treatment, and great conciseness of style. These qualities do not appear in Mr. Ward's effort. The discussion of theory and principles is fragmentary; the broad generalizations so necessary as a groundwork for detailed criticisms and rules of procedure are lacking; and in the historical portions there is a similar lack of the broad, comprehensive presentation of developments, and want of historical perspective. Mr. Ward's style is loose and abounds in faults of grammar and rhetoric, which greatly mar the excellence of his treatment of details. In these, however, there is much to commend. The specific rules laid down, the particular criticisms, the practical suggestions, are generally sound and valuable, and the historical statements generally correct. Much also can be forgiven to so earnest and cogent a pleader for

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a wider and better use of color in architecture as Mr. Ward shows himself to be. His closing paragraph confesses the English to be, as a nation, far "behind the French, Germans, and Americans in the encouragement of decorative art"; would that we Americans could conscientiously admit ourselves to be deserving of this compliment! The book is illustrated with thirty-four plates, of which twelve are in color.

An interesting contribution to the history of French engraving in the eighteenth century is "L'Estampe française" (Brussels and Paris: G. Van Oist & Cie.), by François Courboin, curator of the print department of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. The volume forms part of the series Bibliothèque de l'art du XVIIIe siècle, and has a subtitle, "Graveurs et Marchands," which indicates that it is concerned also with the print-sellers of those days. It is not a connected history of French prints of the eighteenth century that the author gives us, but rather a series of interesting chats about his exploration of byways. It is the facts not easily found in the numerous books relating to the subject that M. Courboin has unearthed for our information. Where, for example, he asks, are we to learn "about the practice and theory of the art of the engravers, their traditions, the laws and usages which regulated their relations with the printers, the dealers, the powerful corporation of the booksellers, the Academy, the state?" It is thus the men and their surroundings that he describes. We are told about families of engravers, "ateliers," apprenticeship, collaboration. The various processes in use are described, the eighteenth century being, indeed, a period of experimental processes. There follows a chapter on the business of print-selling (carried on particularly in the Rue St. Jacques), sales, editions, orders, stocks of prints, advertising, printing, proofs, changed plates, counterfeits. The rôle of the state is considered, and that of the Academy. In a word, all is amusing and interesting reading for the lover and student of prints. A number of illustrations help the narrative.

John R. Eyre's monograph on Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" (Scribner; $2 net) is an ingenious plea for the authenticity of the "Isleworth Mona Lisa." By a rather tenuous web of circumstantial evidence, it is maintained that there were two genuine portraits of La Gioconda—one, the famous Louvre example, finished in Leonardo's later years; the other, the Isleworth copy, left unfinished. The fact that Raphael's sketch after the Mona Lisa agrees in many respects with the Isleworth version lends a certain color to the hypothesis. On the other hand, Raphael's drawing seems a loose sketch from memory, and no confidence can be set on its general proportions and details, as precisely representing original features of a composition by Leonardo. We have recently examined the Isleworth Mona Lisa, which was loaned to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and it would surprise us if this cold and smooth work, with its Poussinesque tree and landscape, were a product of the sixteenth century. It seems merely one of the more attractive copies made in the century after Leonardo's death. Like other copies which come from France, the fantastic background has been toned down to a sort of academic decency. Mr. Eyre's monograph is well printed and sufficiently illustrated.

Finance

THE TIGHTENING FINANCIAL STRAIN IN EUROPE.

Two incidents of the past week, not without a bearing on each other, were the arrival on Thursday of a European steamer with the largest cargo of American securities since last summer, and the announcement of the British Exchequer's much-discussed plan for "mobilizing" American bonds still held in England. Mr. McKenna stated that the Government would offer to buy such securities at the average price of the day, and to pay for them in 5 per cent. Exchequer bonds. It would also offer to borrow them for a two years' term, paying the holder ½ per cent. more than the interest rate of the securities.

It would sell these whenever the owner so desired, and might in certain contingencies do so without his consent; in that case paying the owner 2½ per cent. over the selling price. When asked in Parliament whether the Exchequer intended primarily to sell the securities acquired, or only to use them as collateral on fresh loans raised in America, the Government's reply was ambiguous. It "did not propose to confine itself to either."

This action—of a kind to which no government has ever before resorted—raises some interesting questions. First, this effort at semi-compulsory realizing on the foreign investments of Great Britain means, necessarily, a further step in the present relinquishing of London's primacy in the financial world. Its investments in the outside world have always been the witness to that position. But it equally represents a tribute to the standing of American securities, not only because of the British Government's high bid for them, but because the bulk of English investors must have obviously refused to sell. Had this not been so, the Exchequer's project would not be thought of.

Two further questions concern the probable influence of the operation in maintaining New York exchange on London, and the effect of it on our market. The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought that the outcome of his plan would be to maintain exchange in equilibrium, and he added that any disturbance of American values would be carefully avoided. This would go without saying; the Exchequer would hardly wish to spoil its own market in advance. But even without that fact, our Stock Exchanges long ago made up their minds that the bulk of these English holdings were bound to be sold back. They accepted the fact philosophically—perhaps on the economic ground that we should be redeeming the best of our own investment issues through export of grain and munitions; but even more because of the belief that our markets can comfortably absorb the returning securities.

During the early weeks of the present year it was a common prediction, in the most experienced circles of international finance, that the European war could not outlast 1915. The ground for the prediction was that available resources and economic resisting power would by the end of this year be so far depleted that the war would be brought to an end through the process of exhaustion. The year is already practically over, and the prediction cannot be fulfilled. Yet the grounds on which the forecast was based are turning out not so very far astray, as shown by the public statements of the finance ministers, and, to an extent, in the action of the markets.

What Germany's actual economic situation is, remains still very largely a matter of dispute and conjecture. Except for the subscriptions to last autumn's war loan, and the heavy progressive increase in the Reichsbank's note circulation (that account crossed 6,000,000,000 marks last week, as against 4,230,000,000 a year ago, and 1,890,000,000 at the outbreak of the war), little or no information is obtainable about the Empire's finances. The additional war currency, issued by specially contrived agencies, on loans with personal goods and property as their collateral, did not by any means reach the height of inflation, early in the war, that had been predicted outside of Germany. But the German Finance Minister declared this week to the Reichstag that $400,000,000 of such currency is outstanding.

The sensational depreciation of German exchange in all neutral markets—at New York the American valuation of the four-mark unit fell last week to 75¾ cents, a 20 per cent. depreciation, as against 95⅝ cents parity, and a low level of 80⅜ until this present month—indicates the judgment of the outside financial world. Meantime, the German newspapers themselves are discussing angrily the increasingly critical condition in supplies of necessaries of life to the people at large, and the new war credit of 10,000,000,000 marks voted to the Government this week will bring the annual interest on the debt of Germany nearly up to her total annual public revenue a year or two before the war.

But, if this is the case with Germany, we have England this week planning an unlimited 5 per cent. short loan of its Government at par, as against the preceding long-term issue on a 4½ per cent. basis, and resorting to the hitherto unheard-of expedient of buying with such bonds American securities owned in England, with a view to using them, either for steadying American exchange or as collateral on a foreign loan—a project, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared to Parliament, which "can only be justified by the absolute necessity" of so employing them.

These things do not mean that either Germany or England is at the end of her financial rope. They do not mean that the war cannot be continued. The attitude, not only of the Governments at the various capitals, but of the banking communities as

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well, indicates the contrary. But the unusual character of the situation in both countries, and in the other belligerent states as well, certainly directs conjecture to the two questions, exactly what conditions in all these respects would be created in Europe by another year of war, and just what will be the financial situation, absolute and relative, of the belligerent nations after the war is over. Still, the same apparently hopeless questions were asked about England and Germany during the eighteen years of the Napoleonic wars, and about the United States during the four years of our own Civil War; and the answer of history was different from the expectations of the time.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Powys, J. C. Wood and Stone. C. A. Shaw. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cole, G. W. Book Collectors as Benefactors of Public Libraries. Privately printed.
Drage, G. Ephemera. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Mullowney, Dr. J. J. The Peace Calendar and Diary for 1916. San Francisco, Cal.: Paul Elder & Co. $1 net.
Proceedings of the Librarians' Convention Held in New York City, September, 1853. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press.
Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Weston, A. H. Latin Satirical Writing Subsequent to Juvenal. Lancaster, Pa.: The New Era Printing Co.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Holt, E. B. The Freudian Wish. Holt. $1.25 net.
Nivedita, Sister. Religion and Dharma. Longmans, Green. 90 cents.
Wilson, W. John Wesley's Place in History. Abingdon Press. 50 cents.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Barnett, J. D. The Operation of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in Oregon. Macmillan. $2 net.
Beman, L. T. Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic. H. W. Wilson Co. $1 net.
Commerce of Rhode Island. Vol. II. Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society.
Fuller, G. P. An Introduction to the History of Connecticut as a Manufacturing State. Smith College Studies in History. Vol. I. No. 1.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Muir, R. The Making of British India. Longmans, Green. $2 net.
Muller, J. W. The A B C of National Defense. Dutton. $1 net.
Willson, B. The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Vols. I and II. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50 net.

POETRY.

Crapsey, A. Verse. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press. $1 net.
Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson. Macmillan. $2.25.
Rand, K. The Dreamer. Sherman, French. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Belgian Relief Cook Book.
Morley, S. G. An Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs. Washington: Government Printing Office.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Andreiev, L. The Life of Man. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
A New Drama. Translated from Spanish by J. D. Fitzgerald and T. H. Guild. Publication of the Hispanic Society of America. $1.75 net.
Elson, L. C. The History of American Music. Macmillan. New and revised edition. $6.
Stoll, E. E. Othello: An Historical and Comparative Study. University of Minnesota. 50 cents.

ART.

Kimball, F. Thomas Jefferson and the First Monument of the Classical Revival in America. Privately printed.
Parkyn, E. A. Prehistoric Art. Longmans, Green. $3.25 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Gunnison, W. B., and Harley, W. S. Latin for the First Year. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Krapp, G. P. The Rise of English Literary Prose. Oxford University Press. $1.75.
Leskien, I. Schuld and Other Stories. Edited by B. Q. Morgan. Oxford University Press. 40 cents.
Loane, G. G. Cæsar's Gallic War: A Vocabulary. Oxford University Press. 40 cents.
Longan, G. B., Serl, E., and Elledge, F. Everyday Number Stories. World Book Co.
Loti, P. Le Roman d'un Enfant. Edited by A. F. Whittem. Heath. 45 cents.
Selections from Carlyle. Edited by S. B. Hemingway and C. Seymour. Heath.
Sonnenschein, E. A. A Latin Syntax. A First Latin Grammar. Oxford University Press. 40 cents each.
The Fall of Troy. Selections from Vergil. Edited by W. D. Lowe. Oxford University Press. 40 cents.
The Lay of Havelock the Dane. Edited by W. W. Skeat and K. Sisam. Oxford University Press. $1.10.
Titchener, E. B. A Beginner's Psychology. Macmillan. $1 net.

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In view of the large library and college and family circulation of THE NATION, it is safe to assume that not less than 30,000 people read it each week.

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SECTION II.—CORRESPONDENCE SUPPLEMENT

The Nation

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A BUDGET OF LETTERS

COMMUNICATIONS IN WHICH NATION READERS SPEAK THEIR MIND ON MANY SUBJECTS

An Editorial Preface Concerning "Letters to the Editor."

WITH its second number, that of July 13, 1865, the *Nation* opened its columns to communications from its readers, and from that time to the present the stream of letters dealing with an infinite variety of topics has never ceased. Rather, what began as a rivulet has in the course of years grown to a stream of impressive volume, has indeed overflown its banks and had to be turned into a new channel.

For many years the letters to the editor of sufficient interest or importance to merit insertion in the *Nation* have far exceeded the space that in a paper of limited size could properly be allotted to them. Many have been returned to their senders; many others, after achieving the dignity of type, have languished long in galley form, only in the end to find oblivion in the waste-basket because there was no room for them in the paper. The loss, unavoidable as it was, was unfortunate and was regretted by none more than by the editors, who have always regarded these expressions of opinion from thoughtful readers, writing from various points of view, as among the most valuable and interesting features of the *Nation's* columns.

It is in order that a portion, at least, of this interesting material may not go to waste that we publish the present supplement, which it is intended shall set a precedent for others of a similar character to be published at suitable intervals. What follows represents a selection—for even now it has been found impossible to print half of the material available—from the accumulated letters of half a year. Deliberately, in sign of mourning for past neglect, we have thought it well to omit the date lines. Often the context will betray the belated appearance of the letters, but the intrinsic interest of them, we think, is not affected by the postponement. At any time, for instance, we should find pleasure in the views of Sir George Otto Trevelyan on the reading of Latin as one of the consolations of old age—two subjects, surely, on which none is qualified to speak with better authority or more charm than the writer. Or again, Dr. Marshall's and Prof. Hoernlé's discussion of æsthetics is not less interesting in December than it was in July, when the article that prompted the exchange of views appeared. No moment more than another is to be called "timely" for an unfolding of the delights of exotic Honolulu, and we are very sure that M. Bois would always find a sympathetic audience to listen to his apologia addressed to American womanhood.

To those correspondents of the *Nation* whose communications even the heroic measures we have thought it well to take have failed to save from oblivion we can only make our apologies, begging them to possess their souls in patience and to continue to give the *Nation* the advantage of their views on whatever topics appeal particularly to their interest.

Issues and Incidents of the War

THE DIFFICULTIES OF PEACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the war is over the nations of Europe will make what will be called peace, but the fact that the armies will be obliged to stop fighting is far from being a guarantee for permanent peace. It is, of course, impossible to foretell the details of the conditions of the treaty which will be made at the end of the war, but it seems desirable to state broadly what are the reasons which render doubtful a permanent and durable peace.

The chief reason may be put in a single sentence. No treaty of peace can be permanent which does not grapple fairly with the question of nationality, and it has hitherto proved an insoluble problem for European statesmen to deal with the actual conditions of Europeon life so as to recognize the claims of nationality without encouraging that clash of interests which in the end brings about war.

Nationality is more frequently discussed than defined; in fact, the difficulties of the question begin with the definition. It is clearly not exclusively conditioned by either race or language, and probably the best that can be said is that men belong to the same nation when they possess either a common tradition as to the past, or a common hope for the future, as to what they will do, or their children will do after them. Nationality thus raises life to a higher plane than that of the family or tribe, but falls far short of unity, so that to thinking men the existence of a world of many nations has at all times been a stimulus to visions of something higher.

In theory, then, the world has long recognized the existence of a higher unity, but unfortunately the numbers of those who have been so dazzled by the vision of a commonwealth of the race as to ignore the just claims of nationality have been about balanced by those to whom patriotism has seemed the final form of human virtue, and between them we have been apt to forget that the problem is neither the extinction nor the glorification of nationality, but its proper adjustment in a larger system.

Nevertheless, the problem has already had a long history. The earliest and the least satisfactory attempt at solution was the method of the Babylonian Empire, which endeavored to solve the problem by eliminating all the nations within the range of its empire, and so to make the surviving Babylonian nation identical with the larger group. It proposed, in fact, finally to settle the question of international relations by having only one nation. The legitimate heirs of that line of policy, with results which have differed one from another only in the degree of disaster which they have met, have been, in

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the modern world, Russia and Turkey. The treatment of the Armenians by the one, and of the Finns by the other, are only the last examples, within the range of our own memories, of the way in which they have been faithful heirs of the heritage of Babylon; for Poles, Ukrainians, and Jews in the north, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Wallachs in Thrace and Macedonia, Copts and Syrians in the south, unite in their testimony that the policy of Russia and Turkey has always been the same, even though there has been somewhat less brutality and a little more intelligence in the methods of the northern nation. Both have endeavored to solidify a great empire, composed of many nations, by forcing the nationality of the dominant race on all the others. The experiment is now some five thousand years old, and it has always met with failure.

More recent and as remarkable for its success, when it has been fairly tried, as has been the Babylonian plan for its failure, is the experiment which was started by Rome, and has been carried out by methods which differ only in detail by Great Britain and the United States. Each of these countries has endeavored to respect fully the different nationalities which go to make up the federation or the empire of the whole, and at the same time to prevent the rights of the individual members of the groups from conflicting with the general common good of all. America and England have both made mistakes, both have not infrequently been ruled by politicians who have been ignorant of the real meaning of the tradition of the countries which they were called to govern, and both have committed some crimes, but on the whole they have no reason not to be proud of their attempts to deal with this question. When they have failed, it has been rather from the failure to apply their principles than from any defect that was inherent in the principles themselves.

Germany has for some time seemed to be wavering between a whole-hearted following of the Roman model and a relapse into the errors of Babylon, Russia, and Turkey. Against the treatment of Saxony and Bavaria has to be set that of the Poles in Posen and of the French in Alsace-Lorraine. But some of the recently suggested terms of peace raise the hope that the true Germany—not the Germany which destroyed Louvain and torpedoed the Lusitania and Arabic—will in the end join decisively with England and America and choose to follow the example of the Roman Empire.

One of the good results of this war is the abundant proof that civilization is best and most strongly built up by nations which are united by the enjoyment of local freedom and the sentiment of loyalty to a common heritage of empire which binds them together in groups by chains, which, as Burke once told the House of Commons, "though light as air, are strong as iron bands," while the opposite policy of distrust and coercion defeats its own object, and breaks down so soon as strain is put upon it.

If this were all, one might look forward with considerable hope to the future of Europe after the war, but in at least two districts—Alsace-Lorraine and the Balkan kingdoms—the question is unfortunately complicated by the existence of nationalities which are not separated by geographical boundaries, but are, as it were, superimposed one on another.

The truth is that—if the problem be not utterly insoluble—the one thing which could solve it would be for both Germany and France to step aside from Alsace, and say in effect, "Gentlemen, it is your misfortune that the inhabitants of your country have two nationalities; the triumph of one means the destruction of the other. We will both withdraw; henceforth Alsace is a new country; forget that you have rival traditions as to the past, and learn to have a common hope for your future. That future shall henceforth be neither French nor German, but Alsatian. Though you speak two languages, that need not prevent your being one nation any more than it prevents Walloons and Flemings being all Belgians." Such a policy might succeed, though it is doubtful whether the passions roused in Alsace-Lorraine by foolish rather than bad government for the last forty years could at once be assuaged. The position after the war is more likely to resemble that in Ireland, where, though "strong government" and "coercion" have not succeeded in quenching the Irish spirit, it has so divided classes and districts that a united Ireland is impossible. Moreover, is there the smallest chance that either Germany or France would agree to such a scheme? Certainly not now; possibly after two years more of war if there be a neutral power strong enough and wise enough to make the suggestion in such a way as to "save the face" of both countries.

Equally unfavorable is the outlook in the southeast of Europe. In the Balkan kingdoms the superimposition of nationalities is so complex that it is impossible to see how any permanent organization can be reached. The countries which have already been organized as self-governing entities—Rumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece—have largely succeeded by a process of expelling the members of other nationalities, and many of these outcasts have been collected, though not united, in what used to be the Turkish provinces of Macedonia and Thrace, in which the confusion is made even worse confounded by the fact that the whole of the seacoast is dominated by a large and flourishing colony of Spanish Jews. How is this district to be cleared up satisfactorily, seeing that even small towns are occupied by two or three nationalities all animated by the strongest racial hatred? They may unite in war, but they will always quarrel in peace. It will require a wise and united Europe to control them and to refrain from exploiting them as it has done in the past.

It is for this reason that, although the treaty which will mark the end of the war will possibly pave the way to a general improvement, in that there is at least a chance that a great step will be taken towards the combining of nationalities in larger groups, in such a way that a general policy of home rule will not exclude the central control of common interests, it will probably fall far short of completely solving the question of peace, because both in the west and in the southeast of Europe there are districts in which national distinctions and geographical boundaries do not coincide, and the common hopes which the inhabitants cherish are not for peace in the future, but rather for a successful war of extermination. Unless European statesmen have something better to suggest than any terms hitherto hinted at, we are not in sight of peace at the end of the war, but only of an armed truce.

K. Lake.

Cambridge, Mass.

WHO ARE OUR ENEMIES?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question as to whether we are against the Germans or against the Allies seems to have obscured the really more significant one as to whether it is the Germans or the Allies who are against us. Yet it is entirely pertinent to ask which of the two contending parties has shown anti-American feeling and developed anti-American activity. Have the Belgians, the Servians, or the Italians infringed our rights? Hardly. Nor have the Japanese, the Russians, or the French behaved very offensively to us, in connection with the present war. Perhaps, also, it would be fair to say that Turkey, even though a mere tail wagged by the Central Powers, has been only slightly offensive in a direct way. There remain Germany (of which Austria is, after all, a sort of protectorate) and England. Which of these two has shown itself the more disposed to damage us?

England has interfered somewhat with our trade. Let that be admitted. We have lost, by her action, certain dollars. But we have lost no lives, not even of our men, let alone our women and children. And which indicates the greater hostility to another nation: to hold up its trade or to destroy its citizens? This first item on the balance-sheet is a pretty conclusive one. The pro-German has his excuses and extenuations, or even his approval; but here are the facts.

Again, we have not suffered from England any infringement of our sovereignty on our own soil. That has not been questioned by word or deed. We have not had to dismiss any English diplomatic officers. We have uncovered no English plots against our domestic peace; nor yet any attempts to foment external troubles for us. There are no English-Americans asserting their allegiance to an external Power while enjoying the privileges and immunities of American residence or citizenship. There are many Americans who are friendly to England; but these are not hyphenates. The English have shown no disposition to extend a protectorate over us, as Dumba seems to have wished to do. Now comes the pro-German, insisting that there is reason for all these infringements, petty or enormous, in that we choose to go on doing what neutral nations have regularly done—making and selling munitions—or because we do not believe in the German cause. If we are to be persecuted for making and selling munitions, we are being treated as enemies; and if we are to suffer for thinking as we please, we are not free, but in so far vassals.

Spying on other people is not generally considered to be a friendly occupation. Well, the Germans have been spying on us, we now know, in a most thorough, systematic, and efficient way. Have the English done this? And who has spent gold for our discomfort? If the English have succeeded in subsidizing our newspapers, then they must either have found a paltry and scurvy lot of American editors (unless they have put in their own creatures), or else they must have made very serious inroads upon their resources; otherwise they could not have succeeded so well. For, at the rate of expenditures met by the Germans, and to little purpose, in order to enlist the Huertas and others, the British successes, not to ruin the Empire, must have been easily purchased.

What is the sense of playing with facts? Here we have property destroyed, there lives;

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here international consideration, there infringement of sovereignty and international insult; here correctness of deportment, there such discourtesy that the offenders must be sent home; here non-interference with our internal affairs, there spying and plotting, disloyalty and the encouragement of the same; here the manners of a gentleman, there bullying, belligerence, and contempt.

Which are hostile to us: the Allies or the Teutons, England or Germany? Which of the two is injuring our national *esprit de corps* and offending our national dignity? Can any dialectics, evasions, or explanations alter these facts? A. G. KELLER.

New Haven, Conn.

TROOPS FROM JAPAN OR HINDUSTAN FOR ENGLAND'S AID?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With reference to the views of your Japanese contributor on "The Impracticability of Sending a Japanese Army to Europe," published in the *Nation* of November 4, will you allow a Hindu to say a few words?

I am not aware that any one acquainted with the resources of England's mighty Indian Empire has seriously thought of having recourse to distant Japan for troops. It may not be generally known in America that out of the population of 315 millions which make up the Indian Empire, there are in my native land, India, exclusive of male adults of unwarlike races, about sixty million male adults of the fighting races—a number not far short of the total population of Japan and her dependencies—out of which a choice of recruits for this war might be made. If this is going to be a war of attrition, it may be worth remembering that the above figure of sixty millions represents more than double the total number of male adults in the German Empire, and about twice the total number of white male adults in the British Empire. It is not difficult, therefore, to see whether Germany or England is capable of the longer endurance so far as fighting men are concerned, and which part of the British Empire can supply the largest number of soldiers for the longest period, to preserve the prestige of the Union Jack. The native soldier of Hindustan has already stood the rigors of a European winter, has fought with valor side by side with the British soldier in the trenches in Flanders, in France, at the Dardanelles, and elsewhere, has won several Victoria Crosses and Military Crosses, and has often been mentioned in dispatches. Why then need England and her allies consider the question of bringing Japanese troops to Europe? S. M. MITRA.

London.

ROBERT D'HUMIERES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add to your intellectual necrology of the war the name of Robert d'Humières—a name which ought to be better known than it is to all who are interested in the inter-relations of French and Anglo-Saxon culture? M. d'Humières, who was killed on April 26 of this year while leading his company of Zouaves in the attack on Lizerne, near Ypres, was best known in France as the director of the Théâtre des Arts in Paris, and as the translator of Rudyard Kipling. Though the author of original works also, he is especially entitled to the gratitude of both nations for having made one of the most prominent of modern English writers—and one of the most peculiarly Anglo-Saxon and un-French in spirit—a household name in France. M. d'Humières was a cosmopolitan and a traveller in all lands, but England and her empire had a special attraction for him. He had often visited British India, and had a profound knowledge of it. Not only by his translation of Kipling, but by studies of British Imperialism, such as his book entitled "L'Ile et l'empire de la Grande-Bretagne" (1905), he took rank in that band of Frenchmen who have done so much by their pens in recent years to disseminate a knowledge of British thought and ideals in France, and to remove the prejudices which for centuries have stood in the way of a real *entente cordiale*. When war broke out, M. d'Humières was appointed to what would seem the admirably fitting post of *officier de liaison* in the Anglo-Indian contingent in France. But the spirit which made Kipling's tales of daring and heroism congenial to this Frenchman turned out to be more than a purely literary one; and last March he begged the Minister of War to give him a more active rôle, with the tragic result for Anglo-French civilization recorded above.

A. F. BRUCE CLARK.

University College, Toronto, Canada.

The War in Literature

ROMAIN ROLLAND ON WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent of the *Nation* has done well to quote Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe" in connection with the European war. Surely no recent reader of that great novel can fail to have been impressed with the insight of its author into precisely those national characteristics and ideals—half-grasped hitherto, or wholly misunderstood by most Americans—which have been revealed so strikingly by the present conflict. Unlike Bernhardi's work, "Jean-Christophe" is not conceived in the spirit of prophecy. Yet in chapter after chapter Rolland anticipates subjects of discussion and conclusions which are forced upon us daily. It is surprising that the prophetic character of the work has remained so long unnoticed.

But if Rolland is to be quoted now, the weight of his authority must not be thrown into one side of the scales alone. It would be possible to cull from his pages a formidable anthology of anti-French passages, like the one quoted by Mr. Mendelson. But to do this would be to follow the method pursued by the makers of French readers for the German schools. Your correspondent will doubtless remember that in the case of Jean-Christophe this piece of Prussian foresight failed. "The German editors had selected those pieces of French literature which seemed to establish by the testimony of the French themselves the failings of the French and the superiority of the Germans. But they had no notion that what they most exposed to the eyes of an independent mind like Christophe's was the surprising liberty of those Frenchmen who criticised everything in their own country and praised their adversaries." "I cannot help seeing the arguments of my enemies," says one of the characters, a Frenchman. And so it is with Rolland himself. Not the least admirable quality of his discussion is the intellectual detachment—so rare in these days, even among neutrals—which enables him to see the strength and weakness of both peoples with an impartial eye.

A defender of Germany who calls Rolland to witness has invoked a dangerous power. Against the passage describing the cult of force by a recent sect of Frenchmen, we may put this searching analysis of the alliance of militarism with philosophy and idealism in Germany (English translation, Volume I, page 565):

> They were people who had not the strength to love or hate, or believe or disbelieve—in religion, in art, in politics, in daily life; and all their energies were spent in trying to reconcile the irreconcilable. Especially since the German victories they had been striving to make a compromise, a revolting intrigue between their new power and their old principles. The old idealism had not been renounced. There should have been a new effort of freedom of which they were incapable. They were content with a forgery, with making it subservient to German interests. Like the serene and subtle Schwabian, Hegel, who had waited until after Leipzig and Waterloo to assimilate the cause of his philosophy with the Prussian state—their interests having changed, their principles changed, too. When they were defeated, they said that Germany's ideal was humanity. Now that they had defeated others, they said that Germany was the ideal of humanity. When other countries were more powerful, they said, with Lessing, that "patriotism is a heroic weakness which it is well to be without," and they called themselves "citizens of the world." Now that they were in the ascendant, they could not enough despise the Utopias à la Française. Universal peace, fraternity, pacific progress, the rights of man, natural equality: they said that the strongest people had absolute rights against the others, and that the others, being weaker, had no rights against themselves. It was the living God and the Incarnate Idea, the progress of which is accomplished by war, violence, and oppression. Force had become holy, now that it was on their side. Force had become the only idealism and the only intelligence.

Even more interesting than this is Rolland's insistence on certain essential qualities of French national character which the world has now learned no longer to deny. Christophe has inherited the traditional German view of the French as "a clever people, skilled in practical things, amiable, talkative but frivolous, susceptible, and boastful, incapable of being serious, or sincere, or of feeling strongly—a people of pathos, much gesticulation, exaggerated speech and pornography." And in the first weeks of his residence in Paris he sees much to confirm this impression. Later he learns that the France which he has seen is but the surface. Through the friendship of Olivier he comes to know and admire the true France. "You are all the same," Olivier tells him. "All your countrymen who come among us see only the parasites who suck our blood, literary, political, and financial adventurers, with their minions and their hangers-on and their harlots; and they judge France by the wretched creatures who prey on her. Not one of you has any idea of the real France living under oppression, or of the reserve of vitality in the French provinces, or of the great mass of the people who go on working, heedless of the uproar and pother made by their masters of a day." In the France now revealed to him Christophe discovers

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surprising qualities. "Instead of a gay, sociable, careless, brilliant people, he saw men of a headstrong and close temper, living in isolation, wrapped about with a seeming optimism, like a gleaming mist, while they were in fact steeped in a deep-rooted and serene pessimism, possessed by fixed ideas, intellectual passions, indomitable souls, which it would have been easier to destroy than to alter."

In a later passage, describing a war scare, Rolland anticipates some of the most striking lessons of the actual outbreak. The trouble arises from "the insane vanity of German Imperialism, drunk with victory, and the absolute incapacity of German statesmen to understand other races." "The great mass of the German people had nothing at all to do with the provocation. They were shocked by it. The honest men of every country ask only to be allowed to live in peace; and the people of Germany are particularly peaceful, affectionate, anxious to be on good terms with everybody, and much more inclined to admire and emulate other nations than to go to war with them." Under pressure of impending war, all the discordant elements of France fly together; and the friendship of Olivier and Christophe, which they had thought to be established above national prejudice, comes near to disruption.

"Yes," said Christophe good-humoredly, when the storm was passed, "I have seen you all united. . . . It's a fine thing to feel the mighty torrent rushing you along, and the demons that were let loose in your hearts."

"They terrify me," said Olivier. "I would rather have eternal solitude than have my people united at such a cost."

J. H. Hanford.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

D'ANNUNZIO AS AN ORATOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The latest book of Gabriele d'Annunzio* is a collection of some fifteen short speeches made in Genoa and Rome in May, 1915, during the days that just preceded Italy's declaration of war. They are all patriotic exhortations to the people to take arms and redeem the provinces of "Greater Italy" still under the tyrannic rule of Italy's traditional enemy. The moment is one of unique historical importance; the speaker is the most famous Italian writer of to-day; what, then, is the result?

D'Annunzio made his literary début as a poet, and it is as a poet, one may venture to say, that he will survive. His novels, noteworthy for their poetic diction, are chiefly interesting for their variedly pictorial digressions. In plot, in solid substance, they cannot compare with those of Fogazzaro. His plays, excellently decorative, at times even powerful, are noteworthy, particularly, for their splendid Italian, but cannot be called great. In his poems, d'Annunzio has shown the best he has to show, and many of them seem to have a beauty, a significance, that may make them permanent, if not popular. For d'Annunzio's poetry is too elaborate, too learned, his subject-matter and treatment too often undesirable, to make for universal appeal. His style is all too often sonorously incomprehensible—which is more a defect than a quality! And exactly such defects mar the eloquence of d'Annunzio as an orator. Lengthy similes, taken from some obscure corner of classical history, involved sentences, the use of words so archaic or so new as to be totally unfamiliar to the average listener, an all-pervading affectation—these are the things that prevent d'Annunzio's speeches from being the epoch-making literary fragments one might have hoped for. One great advantage in these orations is, however, that the very subject naturally precludes anything like the decadent treatment to which we are unfortunately accustomed. And it may be added that though we could hardly expect to find the supremely dignified restraint of a Lincoln, we do find that in these speeches (the most wholesome writing he ever did), d'Annunzio is exceptionally chaste and restrained. Only in one place does he allow himself to descend to vulgar invective.

The value, then, of this book, quite apart from the political influence of the author's eloquence, lies entirely in his patriotism and in his diction. His patriotism, unquestionably sincere, is with him a passion—and passions were ever with him the chief interest in life. His diction, inspired by so noble an inner fire, reaches indeed a high degree of poetic eloquence. Characteristically elaborate imagery fills every paragraph, sometimes as a superfluous ornament to a perfectly simple thought; there is, as usual, an almost sensual abuse of sonorous words; as in all his works, the tone is often subjective. In fact, d'Annunzio felt a prophetic pride in inciting people to a war, then imminent, which he had preached in bold terms before, notably in his Venetian drama, "La Nave" (1908), and in his war poems (1912).

Finally, it is in these speeches that we find, in fine poetic prose, the expression of what is the great underlying feeling of the Italy of to-day: the overwhelming consciousness that she is predestined to a glory which the glory of ancient Rome makes inevitable. It is interesting to note that, at the moment of national crisis, it was a poet who took the initiative, prodding people to war, and that this accepted prophet-orator of the time was d'Annunzio.

Rudolph Altrocchi.

The University of Chicago.

*Per le piu Grande Italia, Orazioni e Messaggi di Gabriele D'Annunzio. Milano: Treves. 1915.

Peace and Preparedness

THE ARGUMENT FOR PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The radical advocate of peace may perhaps at times feel impatient that the great mass of citizens are so slow to catch the inspiration of his theme. This failure to respond, however, is due in large measure to the inconclusive character of many of the arguments advanced in support of the peace propaganda. In particular the following points invite attention:

In the first place, it is contended that the way to secure peace is to prepare for it by disarming; and attention is directed to the long, unguarded boundary line between the United States and Canada—the inference being that our peaceful relations with Canada are due to the fact that there are no engines of war on the border. But is not this a case of confusing cause and effect, *i. e.*, is it not rather true that disarmament is here an *effect* of the increasing spirit of fraternity between the United States and Canada and the elimination of possible causes of serious dispute between the two countries?

The correctness of this analysis might be more evident, perhaps, if we should for the moment suppose the situation to be a very different one—that Canada was occupied by a nation diverse in stock, traditions, and ideals; that both the United States and Canada were populated to a point where land hunger was developing; and that a strip of country lay between which each coveted, and which each felt it a point of national honor to secure and hold.

If these were the conditions, our present peaceful frontier would undoubtedly wear a very different aspect. As it is, the two countries are so much at one that thousands of immigrants yearly cross the border, hardly conscious that they are passing from one country to another, and the absence of any questions likely to lead to serious dispute renders it as unnecessary to garrison this border as it is for the individual States of the Union to fortify themselves against one another.

If, therefore, the present condition of the boundary line between the United States and Canada has any lesson to teach, it is simply this: that mutual understanding and common interests and the elimination of possible causes of serious dispute lead the way naturally and almost automatically to disarmament.

In the second place, it is argued that armament is, in and for itself, the ultimate cause of war. This argument presupposes nations living at peace until nation A builds a Dreadnought; then nation B becomes suspicious regarding the intentions of nation A, and builds two Dreadnoughts; this alarms nation A, which builds two additional Dreadnoughts, and so on; finally the suspicion engendered by this competition in armament results in war.

The objection to this argument is that it wholly disregards two fundamental facts: (1) that some among the nations of the earth entertain burning national or racial ambitions that cannot be realized except by the use of force; and (2) that some preach openly, and freely adopt, as their guiding policy, the principle that might makes right. Given one nation of the first class stirred by such ambition and guided by such a philosophy, and rivalry in armament follows as a matter of course; for the neighbors must either submit to aggression or prepare to defend themselves, and they naturally choose the second alternative.

It is interesting to note that even some rather uncompromising advocates of peace—though still demanding, somewhat illogically, immediate disarmament—are beginning to incline to the view that war cannot be eliminated finally except by a process of education that will uproot aggressive national and racial ambitions, establish the principle that right is might, and make every one content to submit to an award of arbitration, even though it is a disappointment. It is hard to understand, however, how even the most ardent advocate of peace can hope for a consummation of this kind in the near future; and, on the other hand, when one views the present turmoil in Europe, the plans of the League to Enforce Peace do not seem to offer any prospect of immediate relief. It certainly would require a large and effective world police force to cope with a situation like the present.

In pushing the peace propaganda, two other

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very flimsy objections are raised against adequate preparation for national defence. One is the assertion that so large an army would be required that it would be necessary to resort to conscription. But those who advance this objection seem to forget the great difference between the situation in North America and conditions in Europe. For its inland borders the United States needs no considerable guard; and nature interposes a fortification of some thousands of miles of water on east and west. The harbors of both coasts could certainly be made safe, and an adequate second line of defence provided for, without enlisting an army that would drain the resources of the country or appear to neighbors across the sea to menace their respective countries.

The other objection is based on financial considerations. We are informed that any adequate plan for national defence would cost too much money, and the prudent householder is warned that "taxes would go up." Stated thus bluntly, this argument has a rather sordid look. It appears in a more respectable guise when we are told what good use could be made of the money that is now spent on military equipment and pensions—how we might endow colleges, extirpate tuberculosis, etc. But this matter can be viewed from a very different angle. The *Nation* has recently pointed out that the United States spends more money annually for chewing-gum than it does for school books. If we need a larger appropriation for education or sanitation, why not begin the retrenchment with chewing-gum rather than with the national defence?

H. C. Nutting.

Berkeley, Cal.

IS THERE DANGER OF A JAPANESE INVASION?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There have been frequent and strong assertions that there is such a probability of a war between Japan and the United States that to prepare as speedily as possible for any emergency is an urgent necessity. Such an event is so utterly impossible that it is not worthy of serious consideration. And the reasons are these:

There is no such disposition on the part of the Japanese people. Some irresponsible jingoes may try to stir up trouble, but they do not represent the thinking and ruling classes. Writing on this subject, the editor of the *Japan Mail* (who was an ex-officer in the British army) said: "Before engaging in a war with America, Japan would have to divest herself of the strongest sentiments of friendship which are entertained towards any foreign country."

The Hon. Shimada Saburo, the editor of a leading daily paper in Tokio, and one of the most prominent men in the Diet and politics, writes: "These rumors that Japan may attack and occupy the Pacific Coast are absolutely without any foundation in fact, and will be proved baseless in time. Such an attack would be suicidal. The United States is the greatest buyer of Japanese goods, and she does not propose to ruin all this trade by making a foolish attack that would be foredoomed to failure."

At a meeting of the leading American residents of all professions in the city of Yokohama, the American Ambassador said: "There is no cause under the sun why there should be distrust between the people of Japan and America. I think that the idea that Japan is a blood-thirsty nation, that wants territory and war with United States, is being gradually worn out, and the idea of suspecting our neighbors will be a thing of the past." Resolutions condemning the rumors in question were unanimously adopted.

The war between Japan and China, and also the one with Russia, were not brought about by Japan's seeking. Had either China or Russia been willing to accept reasonable terms of adjusting differences which had arisen in the administration of affairs in Korea, the whole trouble would have been settled without resort to arms.

Should there be any change of feeling at this time, or in the future, on the part of the Japanese towards the United States, such a thing as a war is impossible for the following reasons:

The whole area of Japan proper is less than that of the State of California, and only one-fourth, or less than the area of New York State alone, is under cultivation.

The wealth of Japan is only one-half of that of the State of New York.

The total population of Japan is about 60,000,000 and that of the United States 111,000,000.

The national debt of Japan is greater than that of the United States, and more than one-half of this sum is money borrowed from abroad. Her wealth is less than one-twelfth.

The average income of the Japanese is $30 per capita. The average income of residents of the United States is $250.

Less than one per cent. of the farmers in Japan own twenty-five acres, and 90 per cent. less than one acre. The rent is often 60 per cent. of the crop; and the average peasant must pay as much as 20 per cent. interest.

The ordinary taxes amount to about 10 per cent. of the income; and to this is added the special income tax, which runs from 1 7-10 to 26½ per cent.

No other country in the world is carrying so heavy a financial burden in proportion to its strength. The ordinary revenue of Japan, according to latest report, was $259,849,000. The ordinary revenue of the United States was $734,673,000. The total expenditure for army and navy in Japan for 1914-15 was less than $100,000,000. The expenditure for the United States army alone was $94,000,000.

The *Kokumin Shimbun* (a Tokio daily paper) says: "The heavy debts of Japan are more than the nation can endure." Baron Shibusawa, who is one of the ablest financiers in Japan, says: "The present rate of taxation in Japan is indeed extremely high, and more than the people at large can bear."

At the close of the war with Russia, the new Cabinet proposed a considerable enlargement of the navy, in order to be prepared for a possible renewal of the struggle, but the people protested so strongly that the Cabinet resigned, and the result was a change in the programme and a large reduction in the appropriation for that object.

The Diet which met last December refused to sanction the increase of the army by two divisions, and a new Diet was chosen before such additional expense was approved. This approval was secured for the simple purpose of establishing the Monroe Doctrine for the protection of China, and with no idea of inaugurating a war of aggression against the United States.

Japan is largely dependent upon the United States for a market for her produce. Her chief articles of export are tea and silk. The United States takes practically all of her tea that goes abroad, and the larger part of her silk. The latest report of silk exported to the United States gives the amount as $100,900,025 value of raw silk, and $39,936,000 manufactured silk. The value of tea sent to the United States was $16,735,000.

According to latest statistics, Japan has seven Dreadnoughts and sixteen battleships and a force of 42,407 men (not counting reserves). The United States has ten Dreadnoughts and twenty-two battleships and a force of 85,965 men, or more than double that of Japan.

To conduct an aggressive war against a nation with about double the population, with twelve times the financial strength, possessing a more powerful navy, and at a distance of from 4,800 to 6,000 miles from its base, is a project that no sane person would consider. Hawaii is too well fortified to be taken by any such force as Japan could send, and is 3,900 miles distant from Japan and 2,400 from San Francisco.

H. Loomis,
Ex-Capt. 146th N. Y. Vols.

New York.

"Calm Lights of Mild Philosophy"

BOSANQUET'S ÆSTHETIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: By a happy coincidence I was reading Dr. Bosanquet's "Three Lectures on Æsthetic" when Dr. Marshall's most interesting review of them in your issue of July 29 appeared. There is nothing so instructive and enjoyable as to check one's own impression of an important book by the judgment of an acknowledged authority on the subject. But I was somewhat dismayed to find that the points in Dr. Bosanquet's analysis of the æsthetic experience which presented difficulties to me were not mentioned by Dr. Marshall at all, whereas in most of those points which Dr. Marshall criticises I was inclined to think Dr. Bosanquet right, or very nearly right. I have no claim to speak on Æsthetics with the authority either of Dr. Bosanquet or of his critic, but as a humble student, trying to learn from them both, and finding myself much more closely in agreement with Dr. Bosanquet on the points at issue, I should like to urge, for what they are worth, some considerations which appear to me to tell in favor of the position which Dr. Marshall attacks.

I will summarize what I take to be the substance of Dr. Marshall's argument, and I will do so in my own words rather than in quotations, in order that Dr. Marshall may judge for himself how far I have caught his meaning. Dr. Marshall, I should say, offers three criticisms of Dr. Bosanquet's central formula for the æsthetic experience, viz., "Feeling expressed for expression's sake." Without keeping strictly to the order of Dr. Marshall's review, I shall put his argument as follows:

(1.) Dr. Bosanquet's formula is too wide, because feeling expressed for expression's sake is not necessarily beautiful (consider the tyro's failures). In other words, Dr. Bosanquet's

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definition fails to hit off the specific quality of beauty, because it covers both good and bad art, and bad art is not beautiful.

(2.) The formula is too narrow, because not everything that is beautiful is feeling expressed for expression's sake. In other words, Dr. Bosanquet fails to account for the difference between beauty in art and beauty in nature, which cannot both in the same sense be treated as "expressions" of "feeling." For in so far as there is "expression" in nature, in so far as there is some hidden meaning revealed there, the expression "can only appeal to one who assumes the attitude of observer," whereas in art "expression" means that the artist puts his feeling, or rather his conception, into his work. It is the difference between man expressing his æsthetic ideas in the things he makes, and the expression in nature of something which has not got its source in man and which man can only guess at.

(3.) The third criticism continues the second in applying even to art the "radical distinction" between the artist who "creates" beauty and the observer who merely "perceives" it.

At bottom, the whole issue comes down, as Dr. Marshall by implication acknowledges, to a conflict between two opposing schools of æsthetic theory concerning the proper scope of Æsthetics. Dr. Marshall wants a theory of the "quality of beauty to which the average cultivated man refers when he uses the word æsthetic." Dr. Bosanquet offers him a theory of the æsthetic experience which covers beauty and ugliness and sublimity, nature and art, good and bad art, the spectator's enjoyment and the artist's creative rapture. Dr. Bosanquet begins with an analysis of the experience of beauty, but he uses the insight so gained as a clue to the nature of æsthetic quality in all its other forms and manifestations, and because he thus traces a *single character* throughout the whole field, he is accused of "failing" to make certain obvious distinctions. Dr. Marshall, pressing for the recognition of these distinctions, hardly makes it sufficiently clear that the whole importance of Dr. Bosanquet's theory depends precisely on his going behind these distinctions in his search for the common character of all forms of æsthetic experience.

In this conflict I feel inclined to side with Dr. Bosanquet. Not that I write as Dr. Bosanquet's prophet. I have no inside knowledge by which to interpret him. Whether he would accept my interpretation of him I do not know. I have nothing to go on except his words as tested by my own experience, such as it is. But so far as I can analyze my experience correctly, it seems to me that, if Dr. Bosanquet distinguishes too little, Dr. Marshall surely distinguishes too much. It is no service to Æsthetics to insist on the difference between spectator and maker to a point where their common occupation with beauty becomes unintelligible, or to contrast good and bad art so sharply that one almost forgets that bad art is still art. The case of beauty in nature and in art is especially instructive. It is easy to paint the difference between the making of beautiful objects by man and the finding of them in nature. But so far as they are both beautiful, what is the relevance of that distinction? It has a right to enter into consideration only so far as it affects their beauty, *e. g.*, in the sense in which Dr. Bosanquet argues that the beauty of art stands higher in the scale than the beauty of nature. Apart from that, what common ground is there, æsthetically speaking, between natural objects and art objects, if not that in each case the definite structure and quality of the object, as experienced by us, evokes some degree and kind of the characteristic æsthetic feeling? The feeling, as the *Einfühlungstheorie* rightly appears to hold, fuses with the object in its concrete quality, so that in this sense it may be said to be "expressed" or "embodied" in the object. In so far as the whole experience of the object thus felt and "lived in" by me as an embodiment of my feeling is stable, complete in itself, and satisfying with a certain finality, we may speak of "expression for expression's sake."

A good test-case for the justice of this view seems to me to be a painter inspired by his perception of a beautiful landscape, or a beautiful face, to embody them in a picture. Or, again, we might think of the way in which the story of Romeo and Juliet inspired Shakespeare. At what point here is the break between perception and creation, or between beauty of nature and of art—a break such as to forbid us to say that the work of art, compared with the original, evokes the *same kind* of experience only in an intenser and purer form, or that the painting and the drama are a continuation, through the manipulation of color and of language, of a creative activity of the imagination which entered already into the original perception? Dr. Bosanquet's remark (p. 7) that "in creative art the production is as it were a form of perception; it is subordinate to the full imagining, the complete looking or hearing," seems to me entirely true to experience, even where the artist gets his first inspiration from nature, let alone the "non-imitative" arts, like music. The essential point is that "creation" does not begin only with the manual execution, after the conception is complete in the artist's mind, but that it begins with the first impulse, whether received from perception or otherwise, and continues right through the elaboration which the "conception" undergoes in the very process of being "expressed."

It is in the light of the statement just quoted that I should interpret the further statement that "the spectator's attitude is a faint analogue of the creative rapture of the artist." The spectator is, so to speak, an artist at a lower level. Though his experience is determined by what the work of art offers him, it is yet creative. He owes his perception of æsthetic quality to an activity of his imagination exercised on the materials offered. The differences between what two spectators will, as we rightly say, "make" of the same work of art are as great and as characteristic as the differences between what two artists will "make" of the same subject. Roughly speaking, what is given in a work of art or an object of nature, *i. e.*, what we all alike perceive, so far as we perceive non-æsthetically, is much the same. The degrees of æsthetic enjoyment, the amount of beauty seen, as between one man's experience and another's, depend on how much each can bring to bear on the given object, how much each can feel into it and receive back from it as its revelation.

In conclusion, I will add two minor observations. First, it is not merely "probable," as Dr. Marshall says, that Dr. Bosanquet would be "the first to acknowledge that his metaphysic cannot be said to aid the artist"—it is certain, for Dr. Bosanquet tells us so explicity himself. The function of Æsthetics "is not to prescribe rules for the production of beauty or for the criticism of artists' work" (p. 2). Dr. Bosanquet's position here, whether right or wrong, is entirely consistent with that which he maintains in the analogous cases of ethics and logic. The aim is theory, not rules for practical application.

Secondly, it is scarcely a happy suggestion on Dr. Marshall's part that Dr. Bosanquet is inclined to look upon the critic's attitude as a "higher synthesis" of the attitude of the spectator and that of the artist. The passages on pp. 35 and 36, on which Dr. Marshall relies, do not seem to me to bear out his reading. Dr. Bosanquet's point appears to be simply that you cannot be a good critic unless you have yourself as full a range as possible of æsthetic experience, for "the imagination itself is necessarily very sensitive to checks and failures in its efforts after satisfactory form" (p. 35). This sensitiveness is at the root of all criticism. One might express this point by saying that the best artist is the best critic, provided he is capable of reflective analysis of his experience.

R. F. Alfred Hoernlé.

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Hoernlé's criticism of my study of Dr. Bosanquet's Æsthetics is welcomed by me as one of the "humble students" of this difficult subject.

It appears to me that Dr. Hoernlé's attitude is affected by the current recrudescence of "romanticism," and this may well lead us to pause. No one can complain that I fail to recognize the significance of "creativeness" in experience. Indeed, I have often feared that I might be thought to be a camp follower of Rousseau; one of those *amateurs du délire*, of which French critics speak. But it seems to me that this is a time when we should use every endeavor to see straight in this regard; and the theory presented by Dr. Bosanquet does not appear to me to aid us to this end. Dr. Hoernlé, indeed, would seem to accept the thoroughly romantic theory of *Einfühlung*, which Dr. Bosanquet and I join in rejecting; and I may add that, in my view, the grounds for this rejection are fundamentally the same that lead me to find Dr. Bosanquet's theory unsatisfactory.

The need of clarity of thought in this matter is made evident when we note that Dr. Hoernlé asks us not to forget that "bad art is still art." Yes; it is art in the sense in which we speak of any work of skill as art—bootblacking may thus be called an art. But it is not fine art unless it yields beauty. Bad art in my view is non-æsthetic. So far as I can see, every form of self-conscious activity may be stated in terms of Dr. Bosanquet's "feeling expressed for feeling's sake"; but only some of it involves the æsthetic attitude of the artist, and only some of its resultants yield the sense of beauty to the observer.

I find myself so thoroughly in sympathy with both Dr. Hoernlé and Dr. Bosanquet in their appreciations of beauty that I am led to ask whether there is no other theory which more satisfactorily "covers beauty and ugliness and sublimity, nature and art, good and bad art, the spectator's enjoyment, and the artist's creative rapture." If "covers" is taken to mean "explains the relations between," I think we have what we look for in the hedonic theory of Æsthetics which I have defended elsewhere. Art is "higher" than nature, so far as it gives us a more permanent form of beauty. That it may do so is doubtless due to the fact that the artist through selection enables us to gain a concentration of interest. I, of course, agree that part of this interest may be due to a dim sympathetic appreciation

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of the artist's attitude; but I doubt the fundamental importance of this "empathy." I cannot believe that it can account for the very wide recognition of the beauty of certain works of art among peoples whose appreciation of the artist's creative attitude must be all but totally lacking. I do not think that such a "spectator is an artist at a lower level."

Perhaps we may hope to hear directly from Dr. Bosanquet in regard to the final point made by Dr. Hoernlé, where he thinks I have misunderstood the author.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

New York.

Latin as a Living Tongue

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN ON THE CONSOLATIONS OF OLD AGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When reading your Educational Number of recent date I was much impressed by the sound and original views in the letter headed "A Suggestion for Humanizing Elementary Latin." Your correspondent protests against the custom of introducing a boy to the Latin language through the medium of Cæsar's "Commentaries" and Virgil's "Æneid"; and expresses his own preference for selecting other authors, and notably Plautus. On this subject I can speak from the experience of a very long life, in which Latin and Greek have been a priceless, a permanent, and an increasingly valuable possession; and I have the vicarious advantage of knowing the feelings of a relative who was perhaps the most ardent reader that the world has produced.

On the question of Julius Cæsar I write without prejudice. I eagerly read everything about him, whether in Cicero, Sallust, Catullus, or Suetonius; and his brief letter, enclosed in the sixteenth epistle of the ninth book of the letters to Atticus (commencing with the words "recte auguraris de me"—) I regard as among the most lofty of human compositions, on a level with Abraham Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, and with Edmund Burke's speech from the hustings at Bristol on the 9th of September, 1780. But, when a boy, I found Cæsar's "Commentaries" dry and unattractive. It was quite otherwise with Livy's History, which I read with delight, many pages, and at last whole books, ahead of our appointed task. That in itself is not a certain proof that the love for a book will last, for I did the same with Fénelon's "Télémaque"; but, in the case of Livy, I like him all the better for having liked him sixty-five years ago. In these terrible times I have read him with strange emotion, fortifying one's mind with the memorable example of Rome's most critical and glorious years, and sometimes even for a while distracting one's thoughts from our own patriotic efforts and anxieties.

It was the same with Macaulay. During the years 1837 and 1838, when he was compiling the Indian Criminal Code and founding the Indian Educational System, he read Livy twice through at Calcutta. It was in the course of those readings that he first conceived the idea of "The Lays of Ancient Rome." On the margin of his Livy, opposite the story of Horatius, he writes: "This is the true Chevy Chase style." Opposite the account of the Battle of Lake Regillus he writes: "This fine story of a battle comes, I have no doubt, from some old national poem"; and, at the death of Virginia in the Third Book, he says: "An incomparably beautiful and pathetic story." His comments, as Livy's book grows from legend into history, become more critical, frequent, and far longer and more detailed; and they form at last something of a supplementary history of Rome by the side of Livy's narrative. At the close of the decade relating the Second Punic War, he writes: "Here ends a finely written, though most careless and partial, narrative of the most extraordinary and interesting war in ancient history. My admiration for Hannibal has been prodigiously increased by this account of his actions, unfriendly as it is to him."

The most important part of your correspondent's letter refers to Plautus. The comedies of Plautus are a supremely good introduction to a knowledge of the Roman mind and of the Latin tongue. The style of Terrence—the favorite author of Julius Cæsar—is exquisite; but it is a vehicle for Attic manners and Attic feeling, perhaps as beautifully and purely expressed as in the original Greek. Plautus, on the other hand, is Roman to the core; and a true reader of Plautus has it never absent from his thoughts that he is reading the Latin which was spoken at Rome in Rome's heroic period; that he is listening to plays which were acted with vast applause before audiences full of men who had fought under Marcellus and Claudius Nero in the Second Punic War, and that he is present at familiar conversations couched in the very talk of Lælius, and Scipio, and the elder Cato. It is the same deep and almost mysterious fascination which we find in Chaucer and Herodotus—the English spoken by the men of Crécy and Poitiers, and the Greek spoken by the men who remembered Platæa and Thermopylæ.

Macaulay went through Plautus, in India, five several times in three years—disappointed with him on the first reading, as compared with his undergraduate recollections of him at Cambridge, but relishing him more and more at each successive perusal. It is idle to canvass the respective merits of very great writers. They belong to a class where, thank heaven, there are no competitive examinations. But no man need be ashamed if he prefers Plautus to Ben Jonson or to Congreve; and (to come to one special performance), if he reads the "Menæchmi" and the "Comedy of Errors" in close succession, without feeling that Plautus loses by the juxtaposition.

On one point my own taste does not coincide with that of your correspondent. I cannot set Petronius in this high company. To me there is something about him sickly, faded, fantastic, and unreal; and I do not class his book with "Tristram Shandy," or the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," or "Gil Blas," or "Gulliver's Travels"; and (for that is more in his own line) I regard him as a hundred miles below "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye."

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

Wallington, Northumberland.

"DEAD" LANGUAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a well-known habit of us apologists of the classics to fly into a rage when we hear Greek and Latin called "dead languages" by the enemy. We rant and shout in a loud voice, or in italics, that they are not dead, that they are just as alive as English, for instance, of which the modern form differs more from Chaucer's English than does modern from ancient Greek, and that Latin also lives in its descendants, French, Italian, etc.

Have we not here, in our zeal, gone a little too far and excited ourselves quite uselessly? Have we not even, in these arguments, descended to most unworthy quibbles? For the enemy could easily retort that, if what we say is true, they are perfectly willing, *a fortiori*, to throw Chaucer's English upon the junk pile too, and that the liveness of offspring allows us to draw no inference as to the deadness or the opposite of the parent. Of course, the argument that it is useless to study Greek and Latin because they are dead languages is a fallacy. But the fallacy does not lie in the validity of their major premise. Greek and Latin are undoubtedly dead, in the sense in which these people take the word. And why deny it? They died long ago—Greek, at least, for the western world—and were even buried and forgotten, but, like the mammoth found frozen and almost perfectly preserved, but dead nevertheless, in the icefields of Siberia, they have been exhumed and have given us a glimpse of bygone ages. Yet they are preserved by artificial means, and it is by no means inconceivable that, if the interest in this preservation should die out, the comparatively scanty remains that we possess would go the way that their fellows went a thousand or more years ago. The mistake that our opponents make is not that they call Greek and Latin "dead," but that, when they have done so, they think that they can rest their case. Greek and Latin are condemned by an epithet.

The minor premise of the enemy, if they went to the trouble of formulating one, would be, I suppose, "All dead things are useless"—a rash statement that any coal baron could refute, if the ultimate source of his wealth were pointed out to him, or any freshman of any medical school. To refute it in the case of Greek and Latin is not my province and has been ably done by others. My purpose in writing this is merely to warn teachers of the classics not to be afraid of the epithet "dead," but to accept it, and not to be ashamed to write over the door of their classroom the verse that the above-mentioned freshman finds, in Paris, I believe, over the entrance to his anatomical laboratory:

Hic locus est ubi Mors gaudet succurrere Vitæ.

ERNEST RIEDEL.

New Orleans.

The Chinese Monarchy

VIEWS OF A REPUBLICAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Putting on one side the question whether the republican form of government is fit for China or otherwise, I am going to point out some important events that happened in our country after the establishment of the republic, and try to show what President Yuen has done since then.

The revolutionary movement in China has been greatly developed since the year 1900. It was because of the corruption and the rottenness of the Manchu dynasty and the aggression of the foreign power that the Chi-

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nese people began to see their weak points in the political, economical, and industrial world. Our national heroes died one after another, not only for the purpose of destroying the Manchu dynasty and selecting our own king, but for the establishment of the republican government and for the liberty of our four hundred million people. So that there was no dispute about the form of government when our provisional government was first established at Nanking on January 1, 1912.

Dr. Sun Yet-San was then the Provisional President of our republic at Nanking, and Yuen Shi-Kai was the Premier of the Chin dynasty at Peking with the full power of taking charge of the peace negotiations between the two Governments. At first Yuen disagreed upon many points which were brought out by the representatives of the Provisional Government, and the negotiation was almost broken off. But owing to the terrible bomb which was given to the Premier Yuen on January 16, 1912, when he was on his way to the royal palace, he, although not killed, began to realize the danger of his position and the popular inclination of the people. Therefore the negotiation was resumed. The final result was reached on February 12, that the King of the Chin dynasty resigned from his throne; that the Premier Yuen was intrusted to cooperate with the Provisional Government to establish the greatest republican government of China, including the five different races of the Chinese people. Yuen then telegraphed to the Provisional Government and expressed his deep appreciation of what the revolutionists and the Provisional Government had done, and said how he admired the principle of democracy and what great honor he had in coöperating with the Provisional Government for the greatest good of future China.

On February 13 President Sun delivered his resignation to Tsang Chin Yuen, which was assembled on January 28, and composed of representatives from different provinces, because he had sworn during his inauguration that he would resign from the Presidency when the monarchy was destroyed and the republican government was formed. He offered his resignation because he trusted Yuen's power and ability of uniting the whole country. He went to Tsang Chin Yuen and delivered an address concerning the present condition of the country, and his recommendation for Yuen to be the next Provisional President. On February 15 Tsang Chin Yuen was assembled for the election of the President. Yuen was elected. His inauguration was held at Peking on March 6. Since then the Provisional Government has removed to Peking, and Tsang Chin Yuen has continued to do duty as a legislative body.

Mr. Tong Shou-Yee was first appointed by President Yuen as the Premier of the Provisional Government. According to the Provisional Constitution, which was drawn and verified by Tsang Chin Yuen, the Premier was responsible to the President. It follows, therefore, that every order issued by the President must be signed by the Premier. Yuen never got accustomed to such restriction, he began to dislike it. Therefore there were a good many disputes between the President and the Premier. Finally, Tong Shou-Yee resigned from his office owing to the fact that the President Yuen appointed a man to be the head of a commission to investigate the condition of the army in the South without the approval of the Premier. Since then, till the opening of the National Assembly, the Premier has been changed three times and the policy and administration were by no means carried out.

Mr. Tong Shou-Yee, the first Premier, was an influential member of Kong Min Dong, which was a political party, and the majority of the members of which were the members of the secret society under the Manchu dynasty. Dr. Sun was the leader, and several provincial Governors belonged to that party then. After Mr. Tong Shou-Yee had resigned from his office, realizing the approaching danger of the republic, Kong Min Dong began to work its influence through the people, expecting its majority in the coming National Assembly. Fortunately the result of the election gave Kong Min Dong its majority in both Tsang Yee Yuen (the Senate) and Chung Yee Yuen (House of Representatives).

Immediately after the opening of the National Assembly there was a great and unfortunate happening which aroused the suspicion between our Government and the people. It was the assassination of Mr. Sung Chao-Yin. Mr. Sung Chao-Yin was a man who was active in the revolutionary movement, was an able and practical politician, was a strong believer in party government and in responsible Cabinet system, and, above all, he was an influential member of Kong Min Dong. He explained his belief in the provinces along the Young-tsee River. After the election for the members of the National Assembly was disclosed, the people, owing to the fact that Kong Min Dong had its majority in the Assembly, began to believe that Mr. Sung Chao-Yin was going to be the next Premier, and he was going to organize a strong, responsible, and party Cabinet. On March 20, of the year 1913, he was shot at the Shanghai and Nanking Railway station at Shanghai on his way to Peking. The whole country was aroused and most believed that it was due to the political struggle. The murderer was arrested, but died in the jail shortly after. After a careful investigation, the witness told us that the murderer had close connection with the Premier at that time, Chou Pin-Cheung, and his secretary. The District Court at Shanghai wanted the Premier and his secretary to come to Shanghai, but they did not, and they were still working in their office.

Shortly after the assassination of Sung Chao-Yin there was an unconstitutional action taken by our Government. It was the Five-Powers loan. According to our Provisional Constitution, to make a loan or to make a treaty with a foreign country we must have the consent of Tsang Yee Yuen.

The assassination of Sung Chao-Yin made the people, or at least Kong Min Dong, think that the murderer had connection not only with the Premier and his secretary, but also with President Yuen Shi-Kai. The Five-Powers loan was not justified by the National Assembly and the majority of the people. Therefore the three Governors who belonged to Kong Min Dong began to show disobedience to the Government; they were Governors of Kiang-si, of Ngang-whai, and of Kwong-tung. President Yuen removed them, and they submitted. But Yuen still suspected the soldiers of Kiang-si, so he sent continually his trusted soldiers there. The result was the conflict between two sides of soldiers, and the so-called Second Revolution broke out. The majority of the people, being tired of war and being not recovered to the normal economical, social, and industrial condition after the first revolution, were not in favor of this revolution, so the trouble was easily crushed.

Immediately after this trouble the question of election for the first President had been raised. The question whether the adoption of the Constitution should precede the election of the President or the election of the President should precede the adoption of the Constitution had been discussed for a long time in the National Assembly. The final agreement was reached that the Constitutional Committee, whose members were elected from the members of the National Assembly by majority vote, should first make out the method of electing the President; that the election should take place after it was ratified; that the adoption of the Constitution should be after the election. On October 6, 1913, Yuen Shi-Kai was elected as the first President of the Chinese Republic. The election was held in Chung Yee Yuen (House of Representatives) from eight o'clock in the morning until nine at night. There were thousands of soldiers lined up around the House. They did not go until Yuen was elected. One of the Japanese newspapers said that it was the first time in the history of the world that the President of a republic was elected by the interference of soldiers.

After the President was elected, there were serious disputes between the President and the members of the Constitutional Committee. Logically, the President has no power over the making of the Constitution, but Yuen sent eight persons to attend the meeting of the Committee. At first they were refused, but finally they were admitted. The first important point the Constitutional Committee was going to emphasize was to limit the power of the President by the adoption of a responsible Cabinet system. The persons who were sent by Yuen to attend the meeting wanted to express their opinion concerning this point, but they were refused. The following day, October 25, President Yuen telegraphed to the Governors of different provinces expressing the impossibilities of the new Constitution and wanting their opinions. Then the Governors, Generals, and Captains began to discuss the question of the Constitution. Most of them could not point out how the new Constitution was going to do harm to our country, but they favored the dissolution of the National Assembly, the dismissal of Kong Min Dong members in the Assembly, and the rejection of the Constitution by the President. Most people would, I think, wonder why the Governors, Generals, and Captains favored such a violent action to be taken by the President. To understand this, I must mention that since the Second Revolution has been crushed out, Yuen's supporters have filled up these places. They did not care what the country did, but they did care about the prospect of their master and of their own future. On November 4, President Yuen issued an order dismissing the members of Kong Min Dong in the National Assembly; even those who did not belong to Kong Min Dong then, but belonged to that party before the Second Revolution, were also dismissed. Since then our National Assembly could not meet because of lack of a quorum.

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Since then even the form of the republic has disappeared. Yuen could do what he wanted to do. A State Council, which is composed of Ministers and representatives from the President, is what he supposes to be the legislative body. Every sensible person would realize that this body cannot represent our people.

People who are not well informed on China will say that China has been a monarchical government for thousands of years; that the Chinese people are peaceful and obedient; therefore it is better for China to return to her monarchical government, for there will be no dispute over the election of the President. Do the Chinese ignore the development of modern democracy? Do the Chinese obey the unjustifiable order? If the Chinese do, how could we start a revolutionary movement, how could we succeed in destroying the Manchu dynasty, and how could we succeed in establishing a republican government? People say that the republican form of government is not fit for China. How could they know? We never had time enough to try it. Our government has been no longer a republic since Yuen became our President. If Yuen is going to make himself Emperor, I believe that China will never quiet down. Those who are liberty-loving people will continue to fight year after year. Although they cannot succeed at present, they will certainly succeed in future. M. Tsow.

Oberlin, O.

In Praise of Honolulu

THE GLOW FROM THE CRUCIBLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The great outstanding fact about Honolulu—the fact without reference to which no visitor's dinner speech or tourist's letter to home would be complete—is that of all cities of the Pacific, perhaps of the world, not one is more cosmopolitan. Almost before the *malihini* (newcomer) has stepped from the gangplank he is impressed by the variety of complexions, features, tongues, and costumes which are to be noted. It is merely a matter of hours until he will have employed the rather hackneyed but indispensable phrase, "the melting-pot," in reference to life at the cross-roads of the Pacific.

Last summer a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, a genuine, war-whooping, paint-bedaubed aborigine, with gorgeous war bonnet and beaded moccasins—Chief Hailstorm by name—resided for a few weeks in this city. Each night he gave a lecture and an exhibition of Indian dances in connection with moving pictures of Uncle Sam's Indian wars. Following each performance he solemnly assured his audience that however civilized he might eventually become he should always remain "a true son of the prairies." This is the single instance on record where any one has avowedly declined to fuse with the other elements in this insular crucible. Perhaps, had he remained, he, too, might have fallen victim to the influences which enable white, black, brown, and yellow men partially to lose sight of their racial characteristics and to live harmoniously and, to a degree, sympathetically in the "Isles of Peace." Only the tinge of red is lacking in the island color scheme. It is said that only a few Indians, of the Siwash tribe, live in the vicinity.

There is no reason to believe that Utopia has been attained in Honolulu. No one need accept any opinion that this community has proved conclusively the possibility or desirability of the general intermingling and association of races. For aught one may know forces are at work to demonstrate the reverse of the present picture of harmony. The melting process has not as yet been sufficiently long-continued to permit conclusions. But it is true that the instruments and the materials essential to Nature's experiments in racial association have for a considerable period been present here, and that no results distressful to a broad-minded observer are as yet apparent. And in the present time of universal unrest many persons may find satisfaction in contemplating the fact that in one neighborhood many races live without undue strife. The fact is especially significant when it is considered that the community embraces such widely different peoples as the Hawaiians, the Portuguese, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Koreans, the Filipinos, the Porto Ricans, the Negroes, and various Caucasian nationalities; all of which are represented in considerable numbers among the approximately 60,000 residents of Honolulu.

Many factors are involved in the fusion of these heterogeneous elements. The schools, the churches, the press, various industrial and commercial interests, social and fraternal organizations, and the police court are, of course, concerned in the establishment of common interests and common ideals. But in addition to these, there are at work three agencies, easily to be overlooked, but not on that account to be underestimated, towards like ends. Moreover, they insure an American bent of mind for the rising generation. They are: Baseball, moving pictures, and popular music.

The general popularity of baseball as a sport, and its widespread appeal to non-participants as a spectacle, are nowhere more apparent than in Honolulu. The game is said to have been introduced in the islands by Major Thurston in 1885, and it may be supposed that cocoanuts were at first used for balls. There were during the last summer Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian, Portuguese, and Filipino teams in the field, besides the various American civilian and army clubs. There is also a crack organization representing a negro regiment.

The Chinese Travellers, a Honolulu team, recently returned from a long and successful tour of the mainland, a tour which terminated at faraway Havana—another insular stronghold of the national pastime. Japanese players from the Meiji University in Tokio visited here to participate in an International League schedule last autumn. About the same time representatives of the Japanese Athletic Club of Honolulu were playing baseball in the Flowery Kingdom. College teams from California, Stanford, Chicago, have played on local fields during the last two summers, all finding first-class competition.

"Pat" Page, the celebrated coach, after his stop here with the Chicago University team en route to the Orient, wrote: "The entire community [of Honolulu] back their teams with more enthusiasm than any place in the world. . . . Honolulu is just like Chicago. Every sandlot is filled with 'Skinnays' learning the game."

Interest in the world's series reports is quite as intense as in many mainland cities. Large crowds representing all nationalities assembled each morning at nine to read the bulletins. An instance of the deep interest is provided in the fact that a Chinaman, in response to a general invitation from the *Star-Bulletin* sporting editor, correctly guessed the batteries to be employed in the opening game of the 1915 world series—an attempt at which many an expert failed.

Perhaps even wider in its appeal locally, in that both men and women are interested, is the moving picture. It is in the picture theatres that one literally "rubs elbows" with all nationalities. The "movie fan" may turn during a lighted intermission to find that he is seated beside a Hawaiian lady in a beltless, loose-flowing "holoku," as the characteristic native dress is called; or shining coat and pantaloons may indicate a Chinese neighbor. Perhaps the neighbor is a Japanese, kimono-clad, sandal-shod, with the picturesque "obi" on her back, or her husband with a Toyo Panama in his hand. For in the numerous picture theatres of the city all congregate to watch the "Perils"' or the "Exploits" or the "Adventures" or the "Hazards" or whatever else the lurid posters outside may have announced. And the philosophically inclined should rejoice that the same little ladies of the screen who crowd the theatres in the most sophisticated mainland communities are likely to produce the same effects in so cosmopolitan and isolated a place as this. Many of the three dozen theatres here are of the tin-wall, open-roof type, so that the moon, stars, and clouds play parts of their own in the "island nights entertainment."

A recent contributor to the *Photo-Play Magazine* enthusiastically writes: "If you can call Honolulu, as they do, the 'melting-pot of the races,' then surely it is the moving picture that stirs it. In all this intermingling of races, nationalities, civilizations, and centuries the one plane where they all meet, the one thing that crosses all lines, is the moving picture. It is the only thing that they all share, the only thing they all enjoy."

The real "joy of life" here is to be found in the park on moonlight nights, when, the landscape properly swabbed with light, the royal or cocoanut palm fronds appropriately silvered and barely aflutter in the tropical breeze, one lounges about while the native Hawaiian Band is at work. Maybe Japanese boys will be playing tag through the crowd, and surely there will be children tumbling on the grass. The syncopated efforts of American song-writers are much in vogue in the band programmes, and a lonely one may feel the gentle pangs of "home, sweet home" as he hears the tunes which are inevitably associated with lyrics about corn fields, cotton fields, midnight choochoos, ragtime bands, dear ole Broadway, or other peculiarly American institutions.

Another evening the band is not playing. A stranger sits alone beneath a banyan tree. After a while a group of Hawaiian boys—perhaps a Portuguese among them—strolls by. Some of them carry guitars, others ukuleles. They are singing native songs well known on the mainland, and popular songs of the "States" better known here.

Or there may be an even queerer association of music and musician. Perchance, as happened once, a little Chinese boy, native-born, will again pass by chanting of a "Girl in the Heart of Maryland."

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Such an incident gives the listener a renewed sense of the American idea; it inspires a feeling of patriotism which he hopes is shared by all the odd folk of the "Paradise of the Pacific." It is the glow from the crucible!

HARRY W. FRANTZ.

Honolulu, T. H.

Educational Topics

THE EFFECT ON A UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF ARBITRARY DISMISSALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reaction of myself and my colleagues to a case of sudden dismissal that we regard as absolutely unjustifiable suggests the query as to whether such action contributes in any way to the efficiency of a university. A man who had brought his department from notorious feebleness to a model state, who was most highly regarded in every respect by all of his fellows, was suddenly at the summer meeting of the board given a year's leave, told that his services were no longer required, and his successor appointed. No warning was given and no hearing permitted. The first occasion, so far as is known and suspected, was the jealousy of a colleague, better known for belittling the work of others than for his own achievements, whose interference in the control of the department in question had been checked by the man dismissed. The second more openly alleged reason was a vigorous expression of opinion on matters connected with his department to the governing board. These were particularly resented by one man who has assumed a dominant position on the board. One must expect to suffer much while the method of choice puts absolute control of universities into the hands of men who can have little knowledge of educational matters and no academic ideals. In this respect, our board is probably better than the average. Nevertheless, a word from the inside on the effect of government by whim for the personal satisfaction of members of the board may guide other bodies in similar cases.

I felt the matter as a personal blow. I lost a night's sleep, and for the rest of the summer, whenever any university matter was mentioned, I at once thought of the dismissal with a feeling of depression, followed by bitterness that continued for a longer period than I care to admit. The wish that I might find another place or that there might be some way of removing the cause or even getting even played an unethically large part, and I am not an intimate of the victim and am in no way directly affected. The effect was universal. Men remarked that we had fallen upon a comic-opera régime, in which any difference of opinion was to be settled by "off with his head." There was talk of spies, an intimation that one might be struck from the dark without warning, and that no one knew who would go next, and repeated wonder if one had by any chance given offence to the supreme power. The atmosphere was that of Russia. As men returned this autumn they were greeted with, "You were lucky to escape the emotional strain of the summer," or, "I did not write you about Y as I did not care to spoil your summer." Similar expressions, coupled with violent condemnation of the men responsible, were heard on all sides.

Obviously, the effect of such a state upon the individuals and upon the institution must be bad. The actual loss of time and the decrease in capacity for work are considerable. Respect for the men in authority is lost, and enthusiasm for work and loyalty to the institution greatly diminished. Worst of all is the growing belief, often subconscious, that advancement and even retention depend upon truckling and wire-pulling rather than upon actual merit and accomplishment. Here, as in so many institutions, there is no open way in which faculty opinion may be expressed upon appointments and promotions, and many of the essentials of policy. Occasional private conferences, some even more questionable influences, give the board what little light they get on the attitude of the members of the teaching staff. Punishment of the kind inflicted encourages toadying much more than honest expression of opinion. As the men of standing and ideals are less likely to resort to these methods than the politicians, the influence of that class, whom we have always with us, is bound to increase.

Opposed to these disadvantages, the only gain is that the member of the board may feel that he has taught the man his place and that he will no longer be irritated by having a man about who will not instantly agree with him. He may also be gratified at his success in getting even. In this case the method was less humane, even physically, than the conventional bludgeon or sawed-off shotgun of the Black Hand. Against this must be put the discouragement and mental depression, not to mention the curses, of scores of the men upon whom, after all, the strength and reputation of the university depend. X.

A HINT FROM TUSKEGEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the revelations in "A Bombardment of Unfortified Brains" in your issue of December 9, the following may be of interest: In Booker Washington's school for negroes at Tuskegee there is a blackboard in the hall, which all the students pass constantly, and the latest news is written on it so that all can read at a glance. In addition, after the opening exercises of the school, before the pupils scatter to their various classes, half an hour is given for current events, each class in turn having a morning on which any member may be called on to report some important recent occurrence. Half the time is given to the reporting; the other half to criticism from any student of the accuracy of the reporting, and of the English in which it was given. The pupils read the news when they can, one little boy pleading in excuse for a slight inaccuracy that "the big boys had all the papers." The reporter is expected to tell the situation of any place mentioned, the position of any person, etc. The half-hour is most interesting and informing. When a visitor on one occasion was shown through the printing office, a slip was taken from the press as a specimen of the printing. Reading it, the conductor said: "Ah! I did not know of this! To-night is one of the rare free evenings for the ——— class, and their Literary Society is to hold a debate. Would you like to hear it?" The visitor was amazed that evening. The Russo-Japanese War was going on. Papers for each side were read by a boy and a girl, and then discussed. Surprising appreciation of the situation of both belligerents was shown. All was intelligent and graphic. "It is wonderful," said the amazed visitor. "Encyclopædia," said the host, with a twinkle. "But all was so up to date." "The papers—but they have very little time for reading."

Our "superior race" must bestir itself energetically if it is to keep ahead, and might not the Current Events blackboard and half-hour be introduced into our schools and colleges with advantage? Surely current events touch one's "life work" more closely than the sporting news. S. H.

Philadelphia.

DAILY THEMES AND COLLEGE DEBATING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Mr. Foster and "An Undergraduate" make their complaint about vicarious thinking in our institutions of higher learning, they are deserving of public gratitude. There are few men possessing an unbiassed mind or a retentive memory of their own undergraduate days who would venture to defend the intellectual standards of our undergraduates. The cult of vacuity in academic halls is too brazen to be overlooked. The dangers of originality are too great to be faced by any young man at the outset of his "college career."

But the causes for this ailing are not to be found solely in luxurious fraternity houses, or professionalized athletics, or even in stupid and unsympathetic instructors here and there. Modern educational methods have done more harm even than modern plumbing to the undergraduate mind. I recall at least one New England college where not so very long ago men dwelt together for the most part in the most unexceptionable discomfort, and yet political conviction, religious faith, and intellectual standards were as unusual as if every man had had his own motor car and shower bath.

It is not fair to blame the plumber and the steamfitter and the subsidized quarterback for what is more the fault of deliberate systems of instruction than anything else. I do not venture to cover the whole field of iniquities wrought by the so-called elective system. But I should like to comment on two forms of abuse common in, and peculiar to, the modern American college. I refer to them because Mr. Foster appears to take them as matter of course.

The first is the writing of themes. The second is debating. These evils are best studied in their most virulent forms—daily themes and intercollegiate debating.

Mr. Foster complains of the college girl who, "when asked to write a description of a sunset, applied to the librarian at once for a book on sunsets." But he does not criticise the instructor who made the requirement. It ought to be an insult to any high-spirited man or woman between eighteen and twenty-two years of age to be required to write a description of a sunset. And yet college instructors go on exacting daily themes in this same stupid way. The daily-theme course in our colleges compels men to turn out day after day all sorts of themes on required subjects. The aim of these courses is to teach style and command of language. The American university has not yet comprehended that style is simply the apt expression of an idea. As such it is obviously a by-product of the idea. We spend infinite labor in our theme courses on style, but none on ideas. We expect the mill to produce fine meal and forget that no

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good grist has gone in at the other end. We permit our undergraduates to feed their minds on the lowest forms of current periodical literature and then expect them to write like Addison or Montaigne, by compelling them to compose daily essays on sunsets. The result of these courses is that people who are capable at their best of writing good spelling and punctuation and tolerable grammar indulge themselves in the grossest of literary vices, emotional insincerity. Can any one imagine a man in Oxford, or Göttingen, or Grenoble being seriously invited to write a theme on sunsets, or oak trees, or campus buildings, or any one of the thousand things that are compulsory in our colleges? The wonder is that a man can escape these treadmill servitudes with the slightest tincture of personality; and certainly very few do escape without a lasting hatred of literary composition in any form.

But the college debate is, if anything, a more devitalizing and devastatingly pernicious influence. The interscholastic, interclass, or intercollegiate debate is unoriginality made competitive. Debating is properly the alternate advocacy of two opinions. In college it is a game played by teams, like football. The teams are coached for the "big debate," just as the football team is coached for the "big game." The three most docile students "make the debating team." When they have made the team, they go to work with redoubled energy under the coach. When their fleshly brothers become giants of physique on meat and prunes, they are strengthening the mental sinews on statistical almanacs and volumes of the *Congressional Record*. The evening of the big debate comes. There are three judges, generally two neutral professors and a lawyer. By a supreme effort they listen to the debate and keep a tabulated record of points according to some arbitrary schedule. Ultimately they announce the victorious team to the accompaniment of well-modulated applause. The audience is generally exiguous. In small colleges, freshmen are frequently required to attend. Nobody in his right mind wants to listen. The unforgivable thing in a debate is to make an "unsupported assertion." If a debater says, "I believe in high protection," it is as bad as a fumble. The other team is sure to score five points. What the debater should say is, "We of the affirmative shall endeavor to show you that high protection is for the best interests of the nation. Senator So-and-So, in a speech [which in fact was never made and never would have been listened to if it had been], at p. 922 of volume such-and such of the *Congressional Record*, said, etc., etc. The statistics of Uruguay show that, etc., whereas the statistics of Portugal, etc., etc." It is easy to satirize, and it is hard to write temperately. The man who wrote for six points on the affirmative was nothing out of the ordinary and would never be penalized in the game as it is played. It is precisely as though he had written to a reputable coach and said, "Send me six good skin-tackle plays for the championship game."

College debating is the worst possible training for public life. The college debater is playing for points to the judges. If he makes an "unsupported assertion," all is lost. Woe be unto him if his adversary has been more thorough with Poole's Index. "A recent writer in the ——— which the gentlemen of the negative have overlooked, has observed, etc.," and the heads of the gentlemen on the negative droop with shame across their water tumblers. It may be true that all this is some training in logic, and that to lose two points from the judge for an undistributed middle or an illicit minor makes men more careful with their syllogisms. But is it not a thousandfold better that men should battle with their own good wits to secure the confidence and approval of their fellowmen than that they should struggle for a judge's points by the citation of the opinions of politicians or eminent experts?

In the famous Union Society of Oxford, which has been in some sense the mother of the Mother of Parliaments, every member has an opinion on the subject of debate and voices it either in a speech or by his position in the lobbies at the end of the speaking. In an American debate no auditor has any opinion except that it has all been an intolerable bore. At the Oxford Union you will hear crimes in the name of logic that might turn the hair of an American debating professor gray in one night. But you will also hear real conviction, sound unrhetorical sense, and manly purpose. These are things that the debating coach in America makes impossible. I do not believe any American with the forensic training of an American university ever achieved honorable success in public life without consciously rejecting all that he ever learned in these "debating teams."

Those who devise our curricula and form our educational ideals have been building on false ground. The mischief is not in the debater, but in the debate. The American undergraduate is undoubtedly satisfied with predigested food. But in the majority of cases it is because his instructors compel him to partake of it and scold him for a nibble of ripe fruit. If our undergraduate is the victim of false contentments, let us shoulder the blame ourselves for fostering those very contentments. This is not the affair alone of college faculties. It is for the educated man whatever his profession. ROBERT HALE.

Boston, Mass.

The Eternal Feminine

M. BOIS ON THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The American press was very friendly to me during my recent visit to the United States, and ably seconded me in my mission, which was to present the underlying reason which linked your grand republic with our own. I knew before I put foot on your soil that you Americans feel a sincere sympathy for us French, and my aim was to make it clear that this mutual amity was based on ideas, ideals, and common interests.

In fact, I care so much for the good opinion of the American press that I have been considerably disturbed by frequent reports in your papers that in my next novel, "The Woman Who Killed," I declare that the American woman, especially the grande dame, is incapable of love. Now, as this book is not coming out until January, it seems to me that it would be rather out of place and above all premature for the author thus to pass judgment on the American woman. Indeed, presented in this bald form the statement would be simply a monstrosity, and what is more, would not be true. I have never said nor written any such thing. On the contrary, having proclaimed in my lectures and interviews that I consider the American woman to be "the hope of the future," it would be absurd for me to hold that this woman was inept to manifest, in its noblest form, a sentiment which is the most beautiful of all sentiments, and which, furthermore, is supremely feminine.

Far from pretending or even conjecturing that the American "super-lady" is unable to love, I will show in "The Woman Who Killed" that my heroine, an American, attains to a love so complete and so profound that, in order to experience the sensation, 'it is not necessary that the beloved one be present and living; she is bound to him even more closely than is the widow to the dead husband, her affection is like the vows of the nun. I make it plain that there is no love comparable to her love, more elevated, purer, and more profound, though the road this exigent soul had to follow in order to attain her end was long, painful, and tragic—a road darkened with doubt and pride which rendered the victim, in spite of herself, shockingly cruel.

The fact is that the grand American lady is placed in a very peculiar position by the circumstance that she enjoys a liberty, a prestige, a refinement of education which embraces somewhat the whole world through the influence which is exerted by beauty, physical and mental culture, travel, large acquaintanceship, contact with all that is of a high intelligence, and a knowledge of all that is interesting and beautiful. She is, in a word, a queen, an idol.

In a lecture that I delivered in the drawing-room of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, I said to the American woman: "You are an idol; be a goddess; that is to say, do not keep for yourself alone this splendor which ends in you. Be a benefactor and beware of the double trap of selfishness and pride by which a man in your position would be sure to be caught."

It is inevitable that such a personality, favored with every kind of gift, of birth and lot, would be apt to feel that she was a magnificent prey, and a cruel clairvoyance would be awakened in her which might become so acute that it would finally turn into a perpetual doubt—she would never believe herself loved for her own sake, as do most ordinary women. Her heart would become blasé, at least in appearance, for nothing is so baneful to love as an excessive refinement of the interior being, and that sort of intoxication caused by an atmosphere of flattery and perpetual homage. Whoever is so affected is lost. But this is much less the fault of the individual than of society, and of the much too courtesanesque character of the relations of men with women who possess everything to please. Incense was the perdition of the despots of old, and it is the poison which awaits the dominatrices of to-day and to-morrow.

The grand ladies of America, who are already and will be still more so in the future almost an irresistible power, need to make the most intense and constant effort in order not to lose those qualities which are displayed more easily in the case of women of a more modest or of an average condition—devotion, love of sacrifice, fruitful pity—without which there is no real complete love.

I who am an admirer of the American woman, I who believe that it is in the United States that the superwoman is to appear, that she is even now on the point of appearing—I have felt that I should not imitate the great

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body of men who overpraise her, but, what is better, while admiring her, tell her, at the same time, the truth, which is that every human being, and especially woman, is not made for ambition, domination, that "the will for power," as Nietzsche has said, should not be developed at the expense of the other faculties. Above all must not be smothered the instinct of love, goodness, simplicity, tenderness, pity—these noble qualities which are concentrated in the word Humanity. Yes, men and women, we should be human, and women should be even more human than men. Every suffering thing should feel that woman can be counted upon. She it is, therefore, who should especially not cause any suffering. Let woman develop her body, cultivate its strength, its elegance, its beauty. Let her make of the soul a rare wonder. But none of these should be developed at the expense of the heart.

JULES BOIS.

Paris.

Literary Criticism

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "NICHOLAS FREYDON."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the review of "The Record of Nicholas Freydon" in the *Nation* of July 15, it seems curious that there should be supposed any "mystery" at all about the authorship, as the book broadly and with evident intent tells us itself. See page 291, middle: "I began to write my fourth book. The third—a volume of short stories of mean streets," etc. Obviously, this is Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," 1894—on page 296 the period is called "the early nineties"—which was, in fact, his third, though "Who's Who" calls it the first. The others were "Shadows Around Us" (1890), and "The Fate of Fred Lavers" (1893). Further proof is plenty. Mr. Morrison was a journalist like "Nicholas Freydon," and while a cadet of the great Morrison house of merchants and collectors (since become a collector himself, by virtue of their double inheritance) would not have to live in such squalor, his work and interest made him long an expert in the submerged classes, with as little enthusiasm for them as Nicholas. Still more, the book gibes at Nicholas for calling a job as correspondence clerk in a mercantile house a "secretarial appointment." Now in the earlier issues of "Who's Who" (1905, etc.) Mr. Morrison is said to have had a "secretarial appointment" before turning journalist.

FORREST MORGAN.

Hartford, Conn.

"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with pleasure Mr. O. W. Firkins's keen analysis of the reasons why the Imagists are not Keatses and Shelleys. If they would only grant that the magic of speech that is pure music is beyond their reach, I, for one, should enjoy more their "Cyclists" and "Coal Pickers" imaged in "lengthened curves."

But my concern now is with the stanza of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." I cannot subscribe to Mr. Firkins's explanation of its strange beauty because the variation he makes it dependent on—an unexpected anapest in the fourth verse—is in but four of the twelve stanzas, all of which are to my ear equally perfect.

I have always thought that the description of this stanza as iambic misses entirely its rhythmic character. All other poems in iambic tetrameter are entirely different. Take, for example, these three stanzas by Wyatt, Cowper, and Coleridge, respectively:

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet.

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary.

I told her of a knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand,
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

Allowing for the variations in the fourth verse, are they not more or less alike, and quite unlike Keats's stanza?

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Trying to account for this difference, I have analyzed Keats's rhythm as follows: Each octo-syllabic verse falls into two parts, which are about equal in time, though one contains five syllables and the other three; the rhythmical unit of each half is the three-syllabled amphimacer, as in *woe-betide*.

I met a lady | in the meads,
Full beautiful—a | faery's child,
Her hair was long, her | foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.|
. . . . .
And no birds sing.|
. . . . .
On the cold hillside.|

That is, the secret of the rhythm is in the trisyllabic phrases on which the poem is built: "Knight-at-arms," "loitering," "woe-begone," "beautiful," "faery's child," "manna dew," "woe-betide," "elfin grot," "sojourn here," etc. If the poem makes this rhythmical appeal to other ears than mine, are we doing well to pigeonhole the stanza as iambic tetrameter and dimeter? If the labels of verse-technique were less mechanically applied, the Imagists, I venture to say, would be less deceived in regard to the restrictions of rhythm. There is in English no finer example of the triumphant freedom of a real poet working within the limits of a traditional form than "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

ELISABETH T. COOLIDGE.

Chicago.

RECORDS OF AMERICAN SHIPMASTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 488 of your issue of October 21, we read that a second book like R. H. Dana's could not be written now. That is quite true, but another could be *published* now, which never was published except in the local papers of Gloucester, Mass., where it exists in scrapbook form. It was written for his wife by a retired shipmaster of that town, one of four brothers who were sailing for Boston firms in the thirties, and in a way it supplements Dana—notably in the account current in the South Seas of the fate of Dana's notorious captain.

He left his father's farm at the age of twelve, to sail as cabin boy under his oldest brother. He regrets his lack of early schooling, but he came of good family, and the style is simple and lively, almost as good as Dana's, while the incidents are far more varied, occurring in the course of eighteen voyages to the Baltic, the Mediterranean, South America, China, and round the world.

His experiences at sea and in port are all entertaining. At Cronstadt he met at dinner John Randolph, of Roanoke, just arrived as United States Minister to Russia on a United States man-of-war. Mr. Randolph thought he had made a record passage, but Capt. Low produced a newspaper taken the day he left port, proving that his passage had been shorter.

He describes parties at Messina, and rides and drives at Rio Janeiro. At Manila he dined at the house (of a distant relative of the writer's) which had mother-of-pearl window-panes, "admitting the light and keeping out the glare." He dined with natives in Sumatra (on curried chicken and rice, "cooked much as you would cook it, but hotter; and it is surprising that the hotter it is, the better it quenches thirst"), and returned to New York to find the waterfront so completely burned out that he could hardly find a wharf to discharge his cargo.

This was before the Astor House was built, and we find the sea captains foregathering at "Bingham's."

All these men wrote well, being exceptionally well-bred, well-read men. Much of such material survives in the collections of the Essex Institute at Salem, awaiting an interested editor.

HELEN MANSFIELD.

Bloomington, Ind.

BURCKARD'S DIARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The completion of the new edition of Burckard's famous diary* directs attention anew to one of the most naïve records of a very interesting period of Italian history.

Burckard, whose name appears in Latin as Johannes Burckardus, was a native of Haslach, near Strasburg, and was born in the middle of the fifteenth century. As a young man he studied law and in 1477 bought the citizenship of Strasburg, where he remained until the year 1481; then he removed to Rome. He soon obtained the post of apostolic protonotary, but this did not prevent him from carrying on a busy law practice until 1483, when he became master of ceremonies at the Papal Court.

Sixtus IV, Innocent VIII, Alexander VI, Pius III, and Julius II, though as unlike one another as ever men were, all united in loading Burckard with favors, conferring rich benefices upon him, and enabling him to live in his house in the Borgo with all the style and luxury of a Prince of the Church.

Burckard seems to have been of an easy, accommodating nature, and could always find some kindly, human thing to say of even the most hardened villains. He relates how a thief once broke into his fine house in the Borgo, and was caught in the act of making off with the best plate and jewels. Burckard would not allow him to be arrested, but bade him begone "to the devil, who would punish him according to his deserts"

*Johannis Burckardi Liber notarum ab anno MCCCCLXXXIII usque ad annum MDVI. Edited by Enrico Celani. Published in parts (1906ff) forming two volumes in the series of Rerum Italicarum Scriptores.

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The Master of Ceremonies was a shrewd man of business, too, and when the Lady Abbess of Hohenburg got into pecuniary difficulties, it was Burckard who was sent by the Pope to audit the accounts of the convent, consolidate the mortgages which encumbered it, and settle the good nun's financial affairs—all of which he accomplished to the entire satisfaction of Pope and Abbess. He met most of the crowned heads of his age and made friends of them, for as Master of Ceremonies he welcomed all distinguished visitors to the Papal Court and bade them god-speed on their departure. It is said of him that he loved good food, and especially good drink, and to this was due perhaps the gout that brought about his death, in 1506.

Burckard's diary begins in 1483. Sixtus IV was Pope, an old man of seventy, who died just as the diary begins. Like other Popes, before and after, Sixtus was abandoned by all his favorites as soon as the breath had left his body, and so systematic had been their plundering that the only vessel Burckard could find in which to wash the body was a kitchen cauldron used for dish-washing, while for lack of [illegible] the poor Pope's shirt had to be t[illegible] dry him.

Next came the pacific [illegible]t VIII, during whose pontificate a s[illegible] visitor arrived in Rome. This was the [illegible] Prince Djem, brother of Bajazet II, [illegible]having escaped from the murderous emi[illegible] of his brother, had fallen into the h[illegible] of the shrewd d'Aubusson, Master c[illegible]e Knights of Rhodes, and had by h[illegible]een sold to the Pope. Djem was dest[illegible] to live in the Vatican far into the p[illegible]cate of the Borgia. He dressed alwa[illegible]n Turkish costume, kept his eastern [illegible]m, received ambassadors from his roy[illegible]rother, and grew marvellously fat in his [illegible]ptivity.

Pope Innocent soon [illegible]d, and Alexander VI came to the throne [illegible]1492. The diary takes on a new compl[illegible] with this year, becoming more anecdo[illegible]nd hence more interesting. The mar[illegible]d Borgia here appears as an authorit[illegible]highly technical matters of ritual and [illegible]—a phase of him which rather surprises [illegible]e. At this time Burckard was sent upon a political mission to the Aragon Court at Naples, and he made an archæological pilgrimage to Agnano, the Solfatara, Baia, Pozzuoli, and other environs of Naples. Stormy days were approaching, with the descent of Charles VIII of France and his army. The Pope sent the suave and diplomatic Burckard to meet the King, who took advantage of the opportunity to ply the Master of Ceremonies with all manner of questions "for about four miles."

Charles died in 1498, and soon after him Savonarola, whose career is summed up by Burckard as it appeared to a lawyer and diplomat at the Papal Court. It is a curious view of the great preacher, but one that merits attention. The death of the Duke of Gandia is related at length, with every circumstance known at the time, and yet, though the author treats this subject boldly and gives us chapter and verse for a certain Vatican orgy in 1501, he is unprejudiced enough to give us also a picture showing the magnificent courage of Alexander VI when threatened by shipwreck. The Borgia, however, was nearing his end, and in midsummer of 1503 he died. Burckard performed the last rites for his black and bloated body, and the sodden mass that had been God's Vicar was laid away in Saint Peter's with the imposing ceremonial of the Roman Church.

Of the edition of the diary by Celani one can speak only in terms of praise. There is now for the first time available for students a complete text, carefully revised from the original manuscript. So great is the human interest of the diary, however, that at the least the more interesting portions might well be made accessible to English readers in a translation.

EDITH ANDREWS.

Capri.

"ARMAGEDDON" AND "PARADISE LOST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The admirers of "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" will probably derive little but disappointment and regret from Stephen Phillips's latest effort, "Armageddon"; yet to the student of literary history the work is by no means without interest. All readers will agree, however, that the Prologue and Epilogue, which are laid in Hell, are the most significant parts of the drama. The Prologue is patently imitated from the debate between Satan and his followers in the second book of "Paradise Lost." There are similar demoniacal conferences in "Paradise Regained," but these are briefer and less impressive, and it is possible that Mr. Phillips never read them. In the Prologue to "Armageddon," as in "Paradise Lost," the principal speakers are Satan, whom each poet pictures as seated on a throne from which he rules with despotic sway, Beelzebub, Moloch, and Belial. The similarity is not merely a matter of names, however, for each of Mr. Phillips's fallen angels preserves the character he had in the Puritan epic, and Belial even keeps his deferential, oily manner of speaking. As in "Paradise Lost," the sentiments of this sensuous, ease-loving spirit are delivered immediately after those of Moloch, to which they are somewhat opposed. Belial's address begins thus:

> O Lords, I scarcely know, if now I rise
> In order, to address this full conclave,
> I, Lord of Lies; nor would I seem to slight
> The ancient, grand prerogative of Force.

It is always illuminating to watch the suitors for literary fame attempt the bow of some earlier Ulysses, and accordingly "Armageddon" is worth reading simply for the heightened appreciation it gives of the greatness of its original. For Mr. Phillips's pandemoniac council seems talky and futile in comparison with that of Milton. There is no debate, no clash of opposing opinions; Satan simply announces what is to be done, Moloch rejoices at the news, and Belial and Remorse speak apparently for the pleasure of speaking. Furthermore, Milton's intensely real Satan has degenerated into a dull abstraction, and his subtle, imaginative, and poetic Belial receives such lines as:

> With deference I propose that I convey
> To Earth my swollen, bilious Bureau. . . .
> Great Landlord, I complain not, but of late
> I feel through crevices a draught of truth. . . .
> The thought provokes a spiritual sweat. . . .
> Again then I submit, I play my part.

There is little or nothing in this blank verse to indicate any influence from the style, diction, or prosody of "Paradise Lost"; yet the following lines will show that "Armageddon" is not without the inversions, the appositives, the use of adjectives for adverbs, and traces of the organ tone which distinguish Milton's work.

> Spirit, to me alone inferior. . . .
> In action is the bread of mutiny. . . .
> But the main field and region of grand war
> Disputed lies, an indecisive plain. . . .
> Splendid is Force, but solitary falls
> And self-defeated, unrelieved by lies.

The most surprising feature of Mr. Phillips's drama, however, is its unconscious revival of a device once popular in narrative poetry. During the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries, the stereotyped formula for the "machinery" and plot of the epics which were then the vogue was to have Satan, finding things on earth going against him (often because of the unexampled goodness and greatness of England's rulers), summon a council of his angels to determine what was to be done. In these assemblies the speakers were almost invariably Beelzebub, Moloch, Belial, and Satan, one of whom usually suggested sending an evil spirit to earth to stir up the enemies of the good cause. This suggestion was adopted, the evil spirit dispatched, and, as a result of his activities, there ensued the plots and wars which formed the subject-matter of the poem. This is exactly the plan of "Armageddon." Mr. Phillips, so far as I can recollect, is the first dramatist [illegible]make use of Milton's pandemoniac council, [illegible]'s had borrowed it as early as 1695, [illegible]shed the machinery of Blackmore's interminable epics, "Prince Arthur" (1695), "[illegible] Arthur" (1697), "Eliza" (1705), "Alfred [illegible]723), and at the same time was used by [illegible] Dennis in his elegy on Queen Mary, "T[illegible]ount of Death" (1695), and his heroic "Ra[illegible]ies" (1706). Cumberland revived it for [illegible]'Calvary" in 1792, it was employed in Ogilvie's "Britannia" and Thelwall's "Edwin of Northumbria" in 1801, in Hoyle's "Exodus" [illegible], in Herbert's "Attila" in 1838, and doubtless in a number of other poems which have not come to my attention. Though the use in "Armageddon" of Attila as Satan's emissary recalls Herbert's epic, Mr. Phillips probably knew none of these works which are so much like his own. Indeed, he may never have heard of any of them—a fact which it will be well for us who study sources and influences to bear in mind.

RAYMOND D. HAVENS.

Rochester.

Old Saws and Modern Instances

ENGLISH LEVITY AND FRENCH SERIOUSNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article in one of your recent issues on "England After Six Months of War," Mr. James F. Muirhead makes an interesting comparison of the present attitudes of the English and French nations. These are his words: "It seems paradoxical to assert that our country is at this moment filing a new claim to the somewhat forgotten title of Merrie England, but in a sense this is almost literally true. Our French allies seem to have been immensely struck by the *gaieté de cœur* of Tommy Atkins in the field, just as we, too, have been struck by the somewhat unexpected gravity, pertinacity, and 'dourness' of Piou-Piou."

The reputation of England for merry-making is an old one, but the French have never been proverbially serious by comparison. It is therefore interesting to note that in the latter part of the twelfth century an

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observation somewhat similar to that of Mr. Muirhead was made by a French ecclesiastic. Petrus Cellensis, Bishop of Chartres, in writing to the monk Nicholas, of Saint Albans, says, "Nec indignetur Anglica levitas, si ea solidior sit Gallica maturitas," and then, in a passage too long for quotation, he shows himself to be one of the pioneers in the study of the influence of environment on national temperament, for he holds that the frivolity of the English character is due to an aqueous atmosphere because England is an island, and that the seriousness of the French mind is a result of the sturdy mountains which are to be found in France.

JOSEPH F. GO...

Norwood, Mass.

A QUESTION OF RELATIVE VALU...

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading in your issue of No... ber 25 Miss Haight's fine translations ... the Greek of Simonides, with her adapta... of them to the unhappy but glorious Belgi... I ask myself if a dead Belgian is not w... more to the future of civilization than a ... riad neuter Americans. L. L. FORMA...

New York.

"FRIGHTFULNESS" IN LUCRETIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel sure that during these la... months, when all our papers have been ... full of "frightfulness," whether viewed as a distinct national policy or regarded simply as a necessary concomitant of modern warfare, with its amazing engines of destruction, some of your readers must have recalled the apt lines of Lucretius, V, 1305-7:

> sic alid ex alio peperit discordia tristis
> *horribile humanis quod gentibus esset in armis,*
> inque dies belli terroribus addidit augmen.

But there are four other lines in the same book (1152-1155) which are of vital interest as containing not merely a marvellous prediction like the above (though for Lucretius rather, perhaps, the result of retrospect), but as indicating for the Germany of to-day a certain fearful looking for judgment in the to-morrow:

> circumretit enim vis atque iniuria quemque
> *atque unde exorta est, ad eum plerumque revertit;*
> nec facilest placidam ac placatam degere vitam
> *qui violat factis communia foedera pacis.*

Has anything of equal force been said by any modern in words as few?

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.

University of Alberta.

"MILITARY NECESSITY" IN XENOPHON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the History of the Rise and Fall of Military Necessity shall have been written, Xenophon and the Ten Thousand will find a higher place in the estimation of the moral world than the recent invaders of Belgium. The latter, because the Belgians rightfully resisted the violation of their neutrality, laid waste the land, not to mention worse deeds. The Germans plead military necessity, but surely their need could not have been greater than that of the Ten Thousand when passing through the country of the Carduchi. The Greeks were in retreat, pursued as they thought by the relentless Artaxerxes. They had no money with which to purchase provisions, and they had a journey before them of more than a thousand miles through a hostile land. In spite of this overwhelming "military necessity," they did not ravage the land, they did not enslave the inhabitants, they contented themselves with commandeering only provisions.

τὰ δὲ ἐπιτήδεια πολλὰ ἦν λαμβάνειν, ἦσαν δὲ καὶ χαλκώμασι παμπόλλοις κατεσκευασμέναι αἱ οἰκίαι, ὧν οὐδὲν ἔφερον οἱ Ἕλληνες, οὐδὲ τοὺς ἀνθρώπους ἐδίωκον, ὑποφειδόμενοι, εἴ πως ἐθελήσειαν οἱ Καρδοῦχοι διέναι αὐτοὺς ὡς διὰ φιλίας τῆς χώρας, ἐπείπερ βασιλεῖ πολέμιοι ἦσαν· τὰ μέντοι ἐπιτήδεια ὅπου τις ἐπιτυγχάνοι ἐλάμβανον· ἀνάγκη γὰρ ἦν. (Anab., Bk. IV, Ch. I.)

And when in a far more trying situation, ...ter being attacked and having some of their ...mber killed, including two *ἄνδρας ἀγαθούς*, ...ey were assailing a position held by the ...rduchi in order to open a way for their ...ggage train, the Greeks "did not encircle ...ir enemies, but left a way open so that ...hey should so desire they might retreat." ...nab., Bk. IV, Ch. II.)

ARTHUR T. BROWN.

...iversity of Chicago.

...T OF THE TRENCHES" IN TACITUS.

...HE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

...: Among the unique developments of ... present war must be reckoned the pro... of certain self-appointed envoys to visit Europe, and to bring peace to the warring factions by pointing out a better way. Yet such a mission is not without parallel even in ancient times, as the following incident will show.

When the victorious Flavians were closing in on Vitellius, some regularly appointed envoys were sent out by the Emperor to see whether there was still any chance of making terms. Speaking of this fact, Tacitus goes on to say (Histories, Book III, Chap. 81):

To the envoys Musonius Rufus had attached himself. He was of equestrian rank, and a person devoted heart and soul to the study of philosophy and the doctrines of the Stoics. And so he began to make his way in among the companies, reading the soldiers a lecture, in which he set forth the blessings of peace and the perils of war. This proceeding many counted a good joke, but it wearied others; and there were some ready to knock him down and trample upon him, had he not desisted from his ill-timed disquisition at the suggestion of the more orderly and the threats of others.

H. C. NUTTING.

Berkeley, Cal.

THE PLACE IN THE SUN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This phrase, like many other things which have been found useful in the present war, was not originated by Germans. Pascal seems to have first used it in the "Pensées" (Article VI, 50, ed. Havet): "Ce chien est à moi, disaient ces pauvres enfants; c'est là ma place au soleil. Voilà le commencement et l'image de l'usurpation de toute la terre."*

Possibly Pascal had in mind some recollection of Diogenes; we do not know. But the fact that it was usurpation to assert absolute right to the "place in the sun" is striking. Rousseau takes up the idea in his "Discours sur l'inégalité," 1e partie: "Le premier qui, ayant enclos un terrain, s'avisa de dire et trouva des gens assez simples pour le croire· Ceci est à moi, fut le vrai fondateur de la société civile. Que de crimes, de guerres, de meurtres, que de misères et d'horreurs n'eût point épargnés au genre humain celui qui, arrachant les pieux et comblant le fossé, eût crié à ses semblables: Gardez-vous d'écouter cet imposteur; vous êtes perdus et vous oubliez que les fruits sont à tous, et que la terre n'est à personne!"

Here the expression itself is not used, but the influence and the attitude of mind are clear. Rousseau also speaks of a usurped right.

It is interesting to quote here another of the Pensées, which does not contain the word "sun," but does turn upon "place":

"Que l'on a bien fait de distinguer les hommes par l'extérieur, plutôt que par les qualités intérieures! Qui passera de nous deux? qui cédera la place à l'autre? Le moins habile? mais je suis aussi habile que lui; il faudra se battre sur cela. Il a quatre laquais, et je n'en ai qu'un: cela est visible; il n'y à qu'à compter; c'est à moi à céder, et je suis un *sot* si je le conteste. Nous voilà en paix par ce moyen; ce qui est le plus grand des biens." ("Pensées," article V, 6.)

Later the expression "place au soleil" becomes quite common in French. Writers from Chateaubriand and Balzac to Marcelle Tinayre make use of it, the last, our contemporary, as the caption to her story, "Hellé": "J'ai mes droits à l'amour et ma place au soleil."

Littré defines: "Avoir sa place au soleil, recevoir comme les autres la chaleur et la lumière du soleil." This is rather far from Pascal! Larousse gives as a definition: Real estate.

The expression seems to have been taken up by the Teutons rather late. Karl Hillebrand used it in 1882, though Ladendorf thinks it was first used about twelve years earlier by Ludwig Bamberger, in a letter to a friend (published in his Works, V, 51, 1881): "So lasset dem Anfang der Einheit, wie schlecht Ihr ihn immer haltet, seinen Spielraum und gönnt ihm den Versuch, sich einen Platz an der Sonne zu verdienen." It became popular in Germany after a speech by von Bülow, December 6, 1897—we here rely on Ladendorf.

The most touching use of the expression is again French—Béranger's "La Sainte Alliance des Peuples: Chanson chantée à Liancourt, pour la fête donnée par M. le duc de La Rochefoucauld, en réjouissance de l'évacuation du territoire français, au mois d'octobre 1818."

> *Air du* "Dieu des bonnes gens."
> J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre.
> Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis.
> L'air était calme, et du dieu de la guerre
> Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.
> "Ah! disait-elle, égaux par la vaillance.
> Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe ou Germain,
> Peuples, formez une sainte alliance,
> Et donnez-vous la main.
>
> Pauvres mortels, tant de haine vous lasse;
> Vous ne goûtez qu'un pénible sommeil.
> D'un globe étroit divisez mieux l'espace;
> Chacun de vous aura place au soleil.
> Tous attelés au char de la puissance,
> Du vrai bonheur vous quittez le chemin.
> Peuples, formez une sainte alliance.
> Et donnez-vous la main."

MARY VANCE YOUNG.

South Hadley, Mass.

*Otto Ladendorf, "Historisches Schlagwörterbuch," Trübner, 1906, p. 243, has already noted this.

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